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ANDRA AT THE TOP OF HIS FORM.

MY FIFTY YEARS OF GOLF: MEMORIES

By ANDRA KIRKALDY *of* ST. ANDREWS

TOLD TO CLYDE FOSTER

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WITH 21 ILLUSTRATIONS

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LONDON: ADELPHI TERRACE

First published . June 1921
Second Edition . July 1921

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ANDRA

Verses Written for this Book by Mr. HUGH BENNETT, Secretary of St. Andrews University.

Wherever there's whins
And wee flaggies on pins
And square bits o' boxes wi' sand,
Through the realms far and wide,
Frae the Tay to the Clyde,
Frae Cape Wrath to the Wigtonshire strand,
If ye happen to speak
To a lad wi' a cleek,
Or a lass wi' a club, or a caddie,
They'll be donnart and raw
And nae gowfers ava'
If they've no' heard o' Andra Kirkaldy.

He opened his e'en
Near the classical green,
The shrine o' true gowfers' devotion,
Where they play to the roar
O' the waves on the shore
O' what nane now wad name "German Ocean."
Frae the days lang bygane
When he toddled his lane,
A wee burly birk' o' a laddie,
A billie to lick
Wi' the heid o' a stick
At a gutty was Andra Kirkaldy

Andra sune cam' to fame
As a dab at the game,
His swipe was a swift daisy-cutter;
But his best stroke of a'
Took your breath clean awa'—
'Twas the run up the green wi' the putter:
Rowin' straight as a die
At the rim it wad lie
Just a tickie before disappearin',
Syne—plop'—it wad play
And vanish away,
In a burst o' excitable cheerin'.

Andra took to the kilt
When some guid blood was spilt
By the wild "Fuzzies" in the Soudan,
And carried his gun
Through the heat o' the "fun,"
Aye daein' his bit like a man:
He cam' hame frae the strife
Without losin' his life
Or sufferin' much frae his liver,
Syne gaed back to the breeks,
And the clubs and the cleeks,
Just as handy a gowfer as ever.

There are younger lads noo,
Lately come into view,
Just marvels o' vigour and skill;
But Andra could play
Wi' the chiels ony day
And keep up his end wi' them still:
The veteran hand
Hasna' lost its command,
And the later-hatched cocks needna' craw;
For, in gowf, as they ken,
He's the equal o' ane,
And in girth he wad match ony twa.

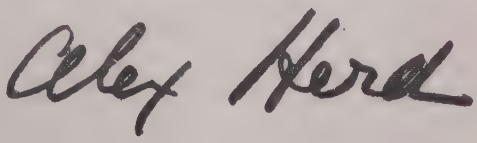
If ye sing this bit sang
Where the gowfers are thrang
At the snug "nineteenth green" ower their toddy,
Just remind them frae me
That Time's aye on the flee
And never let's slip onybody.
Syne summon aloud
A' the chiels in the crowd
That can tell a mere "fluke" frae a haddie
To rise in a host
And respond to the Toast
O' "The Auld Scule and Andra Kirkaldy."

Harry Vardon says:—

I AM glad Andra is telling his great life story. Many's the grand laugh I've had with him. He could keep us all in a roar for hours. Andra looked at everything and everybody with his own eyes, and he never called a spade anything but a spade. In his prime, he was a fine golfer, and hard to beat. Often he came very near to beating me at my best, and deserved to beat me on one or two occasions. That was in the gutta days when I could putt. In later years he told me that I could not putt a ball into his mother's wash-tub. He wasn't far wrong May the grand old Fifer be long spared as the figure-head of St. Andrews.

Alec Herd says:—

PERHAPS it would be best if I pay my tribute to my old golfing friend Andra in oor mother tongue. I hae kenned "Andra" weel, ever since I was a laddie—and a caddie! Naebody could tell a gowfin' story like him, and a meeting of professional gowfers in Scotland would be sadly lackin' withoot his brusque and burly presence. A great gowfer, a great personality, a first-class cronie, I can say withoot hesitation that St. Andrews has never looked on the likes of him and never will again. Great was Old Tom Morris, and just as great in a different way is Andra Kirkaldy. Ask him when ye see him if he minds the days when he and I used to write love-letters to the lassies and read them ower to each other.



Abe Mitchell says:—

I REMEMBER well going to Andra to ask him what he thought about my becoming a professional. "Abe," he said, laying a heavy hand on my shoulder, "come ower among the boys this verra day. What's the good o' a workin' man like you gan aboot frae place to place spendin' yer money to win bits o' tin in the shape o' medals and cups? Tak' yer courage in baith hands, Abe, and follow the siller like every wise man." I took Andra's advice and I am not sorry for it.

Abe. Mitchell

J. H. Taylor writes:—

DEAR MR. FOSTER,—I have read with the greatest interest advance proofs of *Fifty Years of Golf: My Memories* by Andra Kirkaldy, told to you, and I am delighted that you paint with such lovable colours the character of my old friend "Andra." He has a unique personality in the world of Golf to-day, and like Ben Sayers and Willie Fernie, is a splendid representative of the grand old type of Scottish Golf Professional. I have had always a great admiration for Andra. It was he, as I have said many times before, who in 1892 fired my young ambition to press on in an endeavour to become a Champion player. His transparent honesty, his fearlessness, and his dominant characteristic of giving each and every golfer his true value, have endeared him to all who have come into contact with him. His intimate knowledge of the game in all its phases, his unerring judgment as to how each and every stroke should be played, allied to his own great skill, have made him one of the greatest personalities in the whole history of the game. Believe me, I say it in all sincerity, the game of golf will be shorn of one of the grandest and best of characters when the time comes—may it be many years yet—when the big lion-hearted white man is called away to play on the Elysian links.

J. H. Taylor

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My Fifty Years at St. Andrews

CHAPTER I

CELEBRITIES I HAVE MET

By donkey cart to my first tournament—Ben Sayers plays from the castle roof—The Bishop of London in "Hell"—Mr. Balfour's "troosers"—Argument with Mr. Asquith in a bunker—Earl Haig retrieves my ball from the Swilcan Burn—The Field-Marshal's droll caddie.

MAN and boy, caddie and professional golfer, I have passed fully fifty years of my life at St. Andrews, the head-quarters of the royal and ancient game, and if I could be sure of fifty more years to come it is there, and nowhere else, I'd be wanting to spend them. I'm not past hoping for a good many golfing years yet. I remember when Sandy Herd and I visited America, some old friends over there, who had learned golf with us at St. Andrews, came up and said to me, "Andrew, man, but you're looking as young as ever." I said, "Oh, aye, I'm going to live to a hundred."

Tom Morris was over eighty, and I was sixty in March 1920. Golf keeps my heart young and my eyes clear, though a twinge of rheumatics shoots across my shoulder now and then when I swing the club.

The rheumatics make a bad handicap to a professional golfer, and when gentlemen beat me I do not forget to tell them that my "pain" helped them as much as they hindered me. Many a golfer will sympathise with a brother in affliction. It is not merely the "pains" when you swing the club that interferes with a shot. It is the fear of them coming that puts a player off.

I have heard golfers say that they played best when their shoulder was a little stiff, because it prevented them from over-swinging and pressing. I told them I always pressed, and explained that pressing is only a fault when it runs away with your hands, throwing them in front of the club-head—just about the worst thing that can happen to a golf drive.

I am wondering if the publishers of my book would be willing to let me fall back on Scotch—words I mean, not the other thing—in telling my story; for I am sure a man's mother tongue often comes nearer his meaning, and golf is an out and out Scotch game.

Of course I will not let my Scotch get out of hand. It would be no use writing in a language that readers could not understand. So when I come to relate anecdotes and to repeat droll sayings, I must try to keep the language within bounds—more ways than one, I'm thinking.

There's a heap of humour in golf, more than in any other game. Often on winter nights I have sat by the fire with my wife and family around me, telling them the same old stories in the same old way, that made them laugh just as if they'd never heard them before.

I have three daughters—Mary, Majory and Andrina—the youngest named, as you can see, after her father. My son David is following in my footsteps, after serving four and a half years in the war, without ever once getting home. David has his eye on America for a golfing career. In fact, he is there now.

" Tell us that story again, faither, about you and four or five more golfers going to a tournament in a donkey cart," is the sort of thing my family would say by the fireside.

I may just as well tell that story here as anywhere else. It dates back to the start of my professionalism. In fact, the donkey cart took me to my first professional tournament at Wemyss, a mining town on the estate owned by the Earl of Wemyss. I was in my fifteenth year, playing golf for a living or caddying when games were hard to get. Others who journeyed with me in that donkey cart were Willie Fernie, Tom Kidd, Bob Martin and Tom Kirk—a bunch of young golfers at the start of their careers.

The donkey and cart belonged to Willie Fernie. He was a lather and plasterer in St. Andrews in those days, and kept the donkey cart to carry his stock-in-trade from job to job. We were a merry company of young spirits as we clattered away at five o'clock in the morning. Thirteen, I think, competed, and among them Ben Sayers and David Grant came from North Berwick. Others were Jamie Anderson and Jim Morris, son of old Tom Morris and brother of the immortal Young Tommy.

And what do you think the prizes were ? First prize £6, second prize £3, third prize £2, fourth prize £1 10s., fifth

prize £1. Professional golfers were not pampered when I was young. We were kept in our place, as you might say, and never likely to get purse-proud. I think I was fourth, so that my prize was £1 10s. Those outside the prize list got nothing. But depend upon it, the winners did not forget the losers. There was a good deal of playing for the glory of winning and then sharing the spoil, or spending it in the good old-fashioned style, long before Pussyfoot put his paw in Scotland.

Jamie Anderson was first, Tom Kidd second, and David Grant third, if my memory can be trusted. But I am now coming to the best part of the story. Ben Sayers—my lifelong friend and keen golfing rival—drove from the third tee to the roof of the castle, and the ball stuck among the ivy, forty yards up, where it could be plainly seen. Ben always was, and is still, very nimble on his feet, and without much ado he ran up the castle wall like a squirrel, taking a club with him.

We all watched and wondered how he would shape at a shot with such a stance. Then at last he fixed himself to address the ball, and hit it as clean as a whistle almost to the green. We all cheered the "Wee deevil," as we used to call him. Ben is now one of the greatest characters in the golfing world. He is a year or two older than I am, and North Berwick golf course wouldn't know itself without him. He was always a joker. Once he sent me a card from America addressed—

"Andra," Hell Bunker, Scotland.

It found me all right.

That brings in another story, and maybe the stories are the best part of my life. I could never get on without them. Fun's a fine thing, and I've had my share of it on the links. This story is about Hell Bunker. If you've ever played golf at St. Andrews and seen a chart of the old course, you will know that many of the bunkers have names, just as the holes have numbers and names as well. Some of the names of the bunkers are: Scholars' Bunker, Kitchen Bunker, Catstrap, Wigs Bunker, Nick's Bunker, the Principal's Nose and Hell Bunker.

There is also Walkenshaw's Grave, so named after an old golfer of that name who could neither keep out nor get out of that bunker, as we used to say.

A parson asked me to play him a game, and went over to the caddie-master to get a caddie. Willie Brown, seventy-two years old, was given the parson's clubs to carry. The parson said to Willie, "I should very much like to beat Andrew [meaning me], and if I do I'll give you half a crown extra."

Golfers often say that sort of thing, just as if the caddie could make them win a match. Perhaps the caddie can do a lot.

Well, I was one up and five to go, giving the parson some strokes. He put his ball in Hell Bunker, which is about a mashie-shot from the green. Willie Brown, his caddie, went on in front and, seeing the ball lying tucked up against the face of the steep bunker muttered—thinking of his half-crown—"That's a hell of a lie, sir. Ye'll never get it oot, unless ye tak' a spade."

"Willie Brown," said the parson, "don't you ever

read your Bible? Don't you know that swearers go to hell, where there is a lake of fire and brimstone?"

I must give Willie's reply in Scotch: "Haud yer tongue, minister," says Broon. "We're baith in Hell now, an' it's no such a bad place after all; mair sand than brimstane, anyway."

Even the Bishop of London has been in "Hell"—and got well out.

How it happened was told only the other day by the Rev. Mr. Levack, of Leuchars, speaking at a concert in Cupar. It will do just as well if I tell the story of the Bishop and me as Mr. Levack told it. He said:—

"You all know Andrew Kirkaldy, the St. Andrews professional. Well, Andrew was once playing round the Old Course with the Bishop of London. The Bishop was not playing very well, and when he came to the fourteenth hole, he put himself into Hell Bunker, where his ball lay in an almost unplayable position. He despaired of getting it out, but, to his astonishment, he hit the ball in such a way with his niblick that it sprang up in the air like a bird in the direction of the hole. The Bishop was so surprised that he climbed out of the bunker, as pleased as a boy, and shouted: 'That was a good shot, Andrew, was it not?'

"The reply was, 'A very good shot. You got out of Hell very well, Bishop. When ye dee, mind and tak' yer niblick wi' ye.'"

I remember the Bishop was dressed in knickerbockers just like a golfer. He asked me to play with him, and said, "Golf is a beautiful game, but the most difficult I ever tried."

"Yes," I said, "it's a verra tryin' game, needin' pluck, patience and perseverance."

The Bishop was a very genial gentleman to play with. A crowd followed us round, mostly ministers.

There's another story about a preacher who said to his caddie, "Shall I play in the line of yon steeple?"

"Na, na," said the caddie, "ye mauna dae that. If ye play on the U.P. Kirk, ye'll get into Hell."

Sometimes I am asked how I came to take up golf as a profession. It happened in my case, as with the rest of my brother professionals. Caddying came first. I did not waste much of my boyhood at school. There were no School Board officers to hunt me out and force me to be educated, and I suppose most boys would have done as I did in that case—played truant.

I wandered down to the links, and gentlemen asked me to carry their clubs. There was no caddie-master when I was a caddie. We were paid ninepence a round.

It is in after life that the value of a good education is discovered, when it is too late to mend. I know all about the regrets that come to a man whose education has been neglected, either by his parents or through his own carelessness. But there's no good can come of crying over spilt milk, and I may say this, that the caddies at St. Andrews nowadays, or most of them, are scores of years past the school age.

I could name ten or a dozen between seventy and eighty, and at least two who have passed the four-score mark. Caddying in early life and professional golfing in

later life bring a man into good company, for the best in the land spend hours with him at a time.

It often strikes me as wonderful what very intimate acquaintances an amateur golfer and his caddie are during a match. Bishops, lords and knights, Members of Parliament and professors of universities, editors and proprietors of newspapers, millionaires and the like, will often talk to a caddie as patients talk to doctors, asking what is the matter with their game and pathetically wanting to be put right.

Caddies are generally allowed great liberties, senior caddies in particular. They are expected to say what they think, in their own language, and without fear of giving offence.

Not very long ago I played a round at St. Andrews with a gentleman from North Berwick. He told me a story about Mr. Balfour, who plays a lot on that course. The gentleman asked his caddie if he had carried clubs for any famous men. "Lots o' them," said the caddie.

After naming a few, he mentioned the name of Mr. Balfour, and said he had a very close acquaintanceship with that statesman. The gentleman asked what he meant by a "close acquaintanceship." "Just this," said the caddie, pointing to his legs, "I'm wearing a pair of Mr. Balfour's troosers."

Mr. Balfour has honoured me with many an engagement, and he was always in deadly earnest about the game, taking care with each shot to make the best of it. He did not talk much, and anything he might say had always reference to the game. If he made a bad shot, he would

mutter, "Botheration!" but never anything stronger. His manner had a sort of sobering effect on me—you know what I mean—it put me on my very best behaviour.

I never knew a gentleman with such a rich voice as Mr. Balfour. When he would say "Good shot!" to me, it was like somebody ringing a bell in my ear; and his smile at a good shot of his own was a grand thing to see. He always seemed to play golf for the good he got out of it, and his form was for that very reason most consistent. It hardly ever varied. Though not a top notcher, I will say this: Mr. Balfour has always been a golfer who played the game in the proper way and staked everything on that.

The great statesman once did me the honour of being photographed with me. He was taken in the act of tearing up his card. I am not easily made proud of anything, but I was downright proud of that picture. Wouldn't anybody have been! Mr. Balfour's generosity set an example you could not expect many to follow. Professionals have their fixed fee, and it is the rule for amateurs, engaging a professional, to pay for both caddies.

But Mr. Balfour did not ask questions on such points. He would just put some money in my hand, and the amount was never twice the same, but it was always well over my regular charge. An old caddie used to say—and he spoke the truth when he said it—"Gen'lmen pay best when they play best." At the end of a round, Mr. Balfour never failed to say, "Thank you, Andrew, for a very nice game," or words like that, just as if I had done him a favour.

The picture on another page shows Mr. Balfour commencing his round in the Medal Competition on the first day of his captaincy for the year 1904–5. Shortly before, Mr. Balfour had driven off in the act of what is called " playing himself in " and the caddies had scrambled for the ball. Several couples played before Mr. Balfour took his turn in the usual way.

On the Captain's right can be seen the white-bearded figure of Tom Morris, " G.O.M." of St. Andrews, clapping his hands in delight at Mr. Balfour's good drive. I was present, though it was not my honour in those days, as it has been for several years now, to tee up for each new Captain. I almost think that Mr. Balfour's drive on this occasion was one of the best he ever made, and that is saying a good deal.

You can see from his attitude that he is well pleased with his shot. He is following the flight of the ball, which is still in the air, and the heads of the ladies and gentlemen around him are all lifted, as if the drive was both far and straight.

The building at the back of the crowd is the Grand Hotel. The club-house is out of view on Mr. Balfour's right. Mr. A. Downie, the well-known St. Andrews photographer, had to take the picture in this way for the best results. Mr. Balfour was so delighted with it that he requested Tom Morris to secure six copies for him. Showing how smart they can be in St. Andrews, the photographer had a copy of the picture waiting for Mr. Balfour when he had finished his round, which took about two and a half hours.

MR. BALFOUR PLAYS HIMSELF IN AS CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT CLUB IN THE YEAR 1904.

To face p. 22.

I happened to meet Mr. Balfour after he had played the sixteenth hole, and I said to him: "I hope you are playing well, Mr. Balfour."

"Well, yes, Andrew, I think I have played very steadily for me."

He walked with me a few steps; for Mr. Balfour never made you feel that he wanted to get away from you. He always spoke to me, and the likes of me, so pleasantly that you could not but feel at home in his company, while you always knew how to keep your place in the presence of a man who was so much above you and yet so friendly towards you.

Professional golfers in the course of their lives meet all classes of men. It is not every one who is blessed with such pleasant ways as Mr. Balfour. You feel honoured when he asks you to play with him, or to caddie for him. And I don't think the pawkiest caddie in St. Andrews would ever dare to be familiar with Mr. Balfour, not from any fear of him, but just because he couldn't do it and wouldn't want to do it.

A caddie who had been out with Mr. Balfour said to his mates afterwards: "If I had his height and he had my brains, we'd mak' a gran' couple in a foursome."

That was in North Berwick, and the caddie most likely didn't know who Mr. Balfour was, as they are not so keen about politics in Ben Sayers's town as we are up here in Fife.

While I was working at this book, a gentleman in Edinburgh sent me an old cutting from a London newspaper, dated 1901. It was a story about Mr. Balfour

playing golf at Ranelagh, somewhere near London. The story was that Mr. Balfour was addressing the ball for a putt on a green overhung by a spreading beech-tree.

There was a ring of people round the green watching the statesman play. Presently a bird began singing in the tree, and Mr. Balfour lifted his head and remarked, in deep, musical tones, to the amusement of all his audience, "How sweetly that throstle sings!" I suppose the story must be true, having been in the papers. Anyway, it's a "guid ane."

A leaderette on the story made out that it was just like Mr. Balfour, the philosopher-statesman.

Playing with Mr. Balfour at St. Andrews, I had to get down on my knees to "howk" the ball from the edge of a bunker at the seventeenth. It took me four to get out, and my language was so bad that Mr. Balfour said to me on the way from the green to the tee: "You did swear then, Andrew."

"Swear!" I said. "Not me, I said nae mair than a meenister would say in the pulpit if a fly settled on his nose."

Mr. Balfour just laughed and said, as his caddie teed up: "My honour, this time."

"It's a bad day for a good score, I am afraid," said Mr. Balfour to his caddie at St. Andrews on a medal day.

"Yes, that it is," said the caddie. "Ye'll need yer driver at the short holes, as the wind's playing against ye. Just keep the face doon a bit and bore through. It'll tak' a good man tae mak' a score th' day."

I never remember Mr. Balfour asking me what was

wrong with the way he played a shot that did not come off as he expected. He seemed to know the game perfectly and also to know his limitations. His style was his own and he was quite satisfied with it, as he had a perfect right to be, for I should not like to say I ever noticed much the matter with it.

The majority of amateurs would be wise to copy Mr. Balfour in this respect. He only laughed when he foozled, like a man who had too much sense to let bad play or bad luck worry him. No man can tell how much Mr. Balfour has done to spread the game of golf, if only by linking his name with it for the last twenty or thirty years.

Having said something about Mr. Balfour, I may now tell a story of Mr. Asquith, who was very fond at one time of golfing, though it is a long while since we were round the links together. More's the pity, for I always liked playing with him, and I think it is a mistake for busy men to give up golf as they grow older. Mr. Balfour does not make that blunder.

Once Mr. Asquith and myself had an argument in a bunker, and it was a long time before we were friends again, though I must honestly say I was always willing to forget the affair. It happened in this way. I was playing in a foursome with Mr. Wilson, of Westerlea. He was my partner. Mr. Asquith was going to the eleventh hole in another match. Both our balls settled in the same bunker and both balls were Tom Morris's make of the gutta.

I went up and played my ball. Then Mr. Asquith came along and said, "Andrew, you have played my

ball." Of course he thought I had, but I knew I hadn't, and I said very respectfully, "No, sir, I have played my own ball."

Mr. Asquith stuck to his opinion and I stuck to mine, because, you see, when a man kens he's right, he cannot be expected to admit he's wrong. Anyway, that's more than ever I could do.

When we had finished, Mr. Asquith fixed me again at Forgan's shop, on the way from the links. Shaking his head and smiling just a little, he said:

"Andrew, you played my ball right enough in that bunker."

"Well, sir," I said, "let me prove that I was right by fetching Mr. Wilson's ball and showing you the mark on it that I know it by."

I brought it and said, "That's our ball." Mr. Wilson backed me up and Mr. Asquith shook his head and smiled.

Golfers did not initial their balls then. That new-fangled notion came years afterwards. Players in the old days just marked their balls with a cross or the like.

Mr. Asquith and I had often played together before this little dispute, but it was months before we played again. I always salute him wherever I meet him, on the links or in the street, but he did not return the salute till something must have happened to satisfy him that I was in the right, for he asked me to play with him one day, and many times afterwards.

I must say I liked him for the stand he took. I'd have done the same thing myself, if I had thought as he'd thought—no matter what the other man thought

and no matter who the other man was. Mr. Asquith's not a Scotsman, but he has long represented Scottish constituencies in Parliament. And that's the next best thing!

I have played golf with many great men who have taken up the game late in life and told me it did them good. There is no need to compare one great man with another, and, anyhow, I am not cut out for that sort of thing. At the same time, I have my likes and preferences. Having done some soldiering, the type of man I like best is the Army man.

Let that be my reason for saying that I plump for Field-Marshal Earl Haig as the greatest man I ever golfed with. It is true that he is not the best golfer on my list, and it is true that he is not the worst. But that matters nothing. You never saw anybody, not even Mr. Balfour, enjoy a round of golf more. To be a great golfer is all very well, but to play the game for the love of it and for the good you get out of it—that is the main thing.

Earl Haig just revels in golf while he is at it, though I should not think he worries about it when he is away from it, as many amateurs do who are anxious to bring their handicaps down.

When the great soldier and I played together during his recent visit to St. Andrews, I almost forgot who he was at times. He had no airs or stand-offish manners, but talked as freely to me—and mostly in "braid Scots"—as if we had been equals. In fact, he almost treated me as his superior, as if golf is the greatest thing on earth. And so it is—during the game.

When first I got to know that the Field-Marshal was coming to St. Andrews, I was "gey excited" to meet him. Of course, I could not, as his old tutor when a boy, write and offer to take him round. Not that he would have minded. He's too big to be a snob. So I just waited patiently and got everything I hoped for and more than I expected in the way of attentions from him.

The Field-Marshal had not forgotten the young professional who gave him his first lessons in golf when he was a boy at Clifton Bank School, and I was a boy who had "nae school ava."

He knew where I was to be found when he wanted me, and he very soon sent for me.

"Hello, Andra, I'll be wanting some games with you while I'm here."

That was the kind of way he greeted me, gripping my hand and asking for my health and the health of my wife and family. You can understand an army of five millions following a man like that. I wish I had been one of them.

The Field-Marshal came to St. Andrews last September to "play himself in" as Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. It is an honour to anybody, however great in any line of life, to be Captain of the "R. and A.," and in this case the Royal and Ancient Club was also honoured in having Earl Haig as their skipper.

I have seen many Captains "play themselves in," but there never was such a day that I can call to mind as when Earl Haig went through this ceremony. "The City of Golf and Gospel"—as St. Andrews is called—

went mad with joy. The Earl was a St. Andrews School boy, and that makes a big difference in any man's case. Towns are very proud of their great sons, and St. Andrews let Earl Haig know what they thought of him.

The students from the old University made the most of it, and you know what students can do when they take it into their heads. They throw over the traces on great occasions. St. Andrews students wear red gowns in the streets, and you cannot teach them anything at painting the town red when, for instance, a new Lord Rector arrives.

But the reception given to Earl Haig was, as you might say in golf language, clean out of bounds. The smile on the face of the Field-Marshal showed how thoroughly he entered into the spirit of the students' frolic, and how he appreciated the thundering welcome they gave to him.

Of course, what concerned me most was Earl Haig's arrival on the links to "play himself in" as the Captain for 1920–21. It was a fine September morning, and I got down to the course about eight o'clock, so as to be ready to make myself useful. My duty on these days is to stand at the eighteenth green to keep the home hole clear of people, and take out the flag for the finishing couples. When the last couple goes in, I lift the flag and signal to the coastguard, who fires the gun to mark the close of the Medal Competition.

The caddies and laddies of St. Andrews came in great force, maybe a hundred or more. For them the "playing in" of each new Captain is the greatest day of the year. The Captain drives off a ball from the first tee, and they

scramble for it. The caddie who returns the ball to the Captain is rewarded with a gift of money, generally a sovereign. Never in my caddying days was I lucky enough to catch the ball, though once I got my foot on it—and a pretty big foot, too—when three or four caddies knocked me off it, just like footballers charging the goal-keeper.

Earl Haig, like all good soldiers, is an early riser. He appeared that morning about a quarter to nine to do his duty, looking "awfu' happy." I saw him making for the tee, and he saw me standing at attention, ready to salute. There was a crowd of nearly two thousand ladies and gentlemen gathered to pay their respects to the new Captain—the great captain of armies. Such a crowd never turned out before on "playing in" Medal Day.

As soon as he came towards me, the new Captain shook hands with me, and said words like this: "Good mornin', Andra. Man, but you're lookin' well. It's a long time since we first met at St. Andrews," and so on.

He shook hands with several members of the Club, and then, turning to me, said, "So now, Andra, I must take up my position on the tee and do the best I can. I hope I may get a good drive with so many people watching me."

It struck me, as we walked side by side from the club-house, that Earl Haig might be frightening himself about that drive. So I said to him, "Dinna fash yer heid, my lord. You'll drive the ba' all right, if you just keep yer eye on it and forget all aboot the people till you hear them cheerin' your shot. It'll be a good one, I'm verra certain."

"I hope so, Andra," said the Field-Marshal, and I could see that he meant to make sure of it.

Amateur golfers know what it means to drive off in front of four or five on-lookers, and professionals know how easy it is to make a bad shot with a dozen or more photographers pointing cameras at their heads. This was what Earl Haig had to face. But he wasn't going to be cowed by these bogles, and he wasn't going to spoil the old annual ceremony by missing his drive. Trust a soldier to keep a cool head where hitting anything is concerned.

I teed up the ball and stepped aside. The Captain took up his stance and the crowd was silent. The caddies waited at different distances to catch the ball. Those that stood near, thinking the Earl might foozle his drive, were bad judges. The caddies furthest off in a straight line had a fine, short and sharp struggle for the ball.

The gallant Captain took two trial swings and then hit the ball as clean as a whistle, with a grand click, into a bunch of caddies near the road, about 130 yards away. You couldna' hear the screaming of the seagulls for the cheering of the crowd. Bang! went the old cannon on the club-house terrace to announce the official opening of the autumn meeting.

The Earl's number was about eighteen or nineteen on the board. There are always four minutes between each of the couples. The Captain claims no privilege at St. Andrews. He takes up his position like the rest when his turn comes.

I was among the first to congratulate Earl Haig on his drive, and he said to me afterwards, "Andra, your words had a very steadying effect. You did me a power of good." I could not help thinking what a wonderful man Earl Haig must be, and how very modestly he carries his fame.

One of the members said to me—I think it was Earl Kinross—"Andra, you have been greatly honoured this morning."

I just replied, "Weel, ye ken, Earl Haig and me are baith soldiers."

It wasn't long before one of the boys, named W. Gilmour, ran up to the tee where Earl Haig waited to get his ball back and reward the retriever.

"Thank you, lad," he said; "it was very smart of you to beat so many competitors bigger than yourself."

The Captain then gave him his present, and an old caddie whispered in my ear, "The Earl's ba' would be worth a bit, Andra. I wish I had it."

There is not much sentiment in a caddie. It's the catter (money) he's after all the time.

I had about a fortnight with Earl Haig, playing with him in singles and foursomes. Sometimes Lady Haig was my partner against Earl Haig and his brother, General Haig. Her ladyship and I never lost a match in the foursomes, but I cannot say that I have never been beaten by Earl Haig in our singles.

The first time we played we cracked to one another about our boyhood days in St. Andrews, and he was as much interested in me as I was in him. I told him I quite

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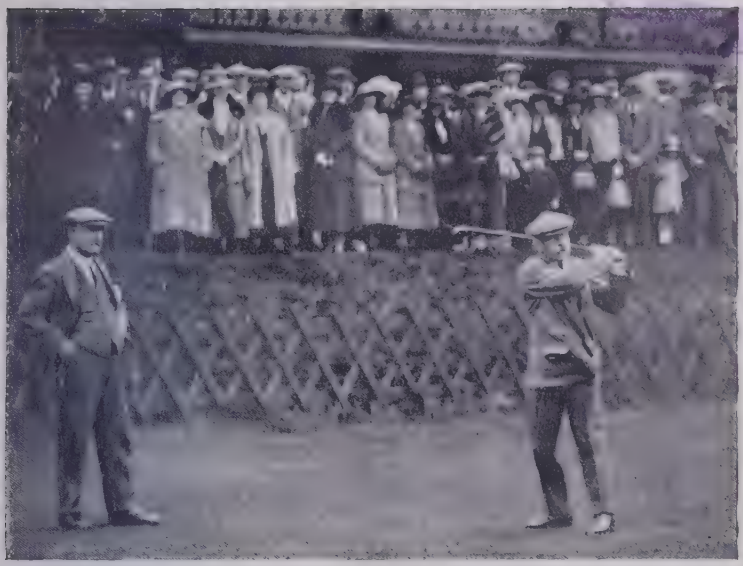

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG DRIVING OFF AS CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT CLUB.

Andra on his right.

THE "SCRAMBLE FOR THE BA'."

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well remembered him when he attended Clifton Bank School, and used to come on the golf links for a lesson. He might have been fourteen and I sixteen.

"How old are you, Andra?" the Earl asked me.

"About two years older than yourself, my lord," I replied. "You must be fifty-eight or thereabouts."

"Man," he said, "you're about richt," speaking real fine broad Scots. I told him I would not be sixty again.

This chat took place as we walked to the first tee on the Old Course. There was little time for conversation once the game had started.

Playing the first hole, I put my second shot into the Swilcan Burn, where I had no business to put it. I was a bit lame that day with the rheumatism in my leg.

Seeing my ball in the burn, the Field-Marshal came over to me and said, "Stop a minute, Andra, and I'll get it out for you. You're an old man, you know."

"Only twa year older than you, my lord," I said, and we both laughed.

The Earl lay flat down on the turf and, leaning over the bank of the burn, he fished out my ball, without waiting for the caddies to do it. What a picture the photographers missed that day! The Commander-in-Chief of the British Army doing a caddie's job for Andrew Kirkaldy! That's what the picture might have been called. It would almost be worth painting.

The incident brought to my mind a story of the Swilcan Burn, which greatly amused Earl Haig. In my caddying days we used to take golfers' luggage down to the station. There was an old caddie known as Long Willie, who

always wore a tall hat. He borrowed a barrow from old Tom Morris to take Sir Alexander Kinloch's baggage to the train. The near cut to the old station lay over the Swilcan Burn, past the first tee of the new Eden course. There is a goods station there now.

While crossing the burn Long Willie's foot struck hard against the bridge, and he pitched the whole of the luggage into the water. Sir Alexander Kinloch was furious, and said:

"You d——d fool! What do you mean?"

Long Willie turned coolly round and said, "Dinna mak' such a song, Sir Alexander. Be thankful the bags are no' in the Bay of Biscay. They're d——d easy got oot o' the Swilcan." Long Willie then jumped into the burn and rescued the luggage.

I also told the story of Donald Blue, an old, grey-whiskered caddie, who used to be a fisherman. He was caddying for a gentleman who topped a shot so that the ball jumped the Swilcan Burn. To the golfer's astonishment, Donald turned round and said very solemnly, "Eh, man, d'ye ken what I'm goin' tae tell ye? That ba' reminds me of a ship jumpin' over the harbour bar out of a storm."

One of the best matches Earl Haig and I had was when I was reckless enough to try and give him a stroke a hole. He played remarkably well that day. I remember he put the ball in the hole with his iron about eighty yards away.

I shouted over to him, "My lord, you didna play your own game that time."

He replied, "Not a bad shot, Andra. They don't often come off like that."

"Just as well for me," I said, "that such shots dinna happen every day."

The Earl was pleased with this bit of luck, and he beat me by 2 and 1 to go. I think that was his best round. His tee shots were remarkably straight, and Harry Vardon might have been glad to have putted so well. The Earl never got flurried in the least, or showed any signs of annoyance when the ball lay badly for him.

He smiled when I said to him, "Your golf has been very good. But, of course, ye canna be expected to be as great a golfer as ye are a soldier. It would be a bad day for the rest of us then. I'd be gettin' the start, not you, my lord."

I never saw Earl Haig more amused during our games at St. Andrews than by the remark made by his caddie on a stormy day. The caddie's name was Andrew Chisholm, better known as "Poot" Chisholm, that being his nickname. We could not help looking at the sea as we played the first hole. The waves were dashing wildly and the "white horses" galloping like a charge of cavalry. The clouds were scurrying angrily across the sky.

"It's a gey coorse sort of a day, Chisholm," his lordship said, taking his usual delight in speaking broad Scots.

"It is that," said the caddie, "there's a lot o' bull-dogs in the sky."

"What is that you say?" said the Field-Marshal. "What do you mean by bull-dogs in the sky?"

"All them black clouds worrying one another tae fetch doon the rain," explained "Poot."

Earl Haig turned to me, who was playing a single with him, and said, "That's a gey auld-fashioned expression, Andra. I never heard it before. He means the wild clouds."

Soon enough the rain came down in bucketfuls, and "Poot" turned to me and said, "Didn't I tell ye that they were going to bring doon the rain up there, fechtin' like dogs."

I was sorry when Earl Haig's stay at St. Andrews came to an end. Great men come and great men go, but I, a very ordinary mortal, stop on from one year's end to another.

CHAPTER II

IN THE "GUTTA" DAYS

How Hugh Kirkaldy kept his eye on the club-head—Poet pupil's humorous verses—Mrs. Asquith on a hobby-horse—The play-actress and the flask—Stories of Andrew Lang—My "sodgerin'" days.

GOLF did not run in my family. My father never played a round that ever I knew of, but I have a picture of him teeing a ball as an old caddie in soldier's uniform. He was a Fifeshire miner and a Crimean pensioner, and took up caddying in his old age to keep himself and his family alive. There's one thing the old country can never be proud of, that is, the way the soldier has been praised when he was wanted and starved when he was not wanted. It is better now than it was, but there is little enough to be proud of yet.

I had two brothers, and we all took to golf like bees to the heather. John was the eldest, Andrew (that's me) came next, and Hugh was the youngest, and in my earnest opinion the best golfer among us. Hugh died young, and John is dead too. John got a diamond tie-pin from the late King Edward for teaching him golf, and another from the Grand Duke Michael.

Hugh won the Championship in 1891, and was the best golfer of his day. Ask Sandy Herd, Ben Sayers, or Willie Park, and they'll not contradict this.

It's not a bad fault in a man to be prejudiced in favour of a brother that died before he reached his best. You must let me rattle on in my own rambling way, putting down things hereaway, thereaway, as they come back to me out of the past.

One thing about Hugh's golf was very extraordinary. Like all born golfers, he had a style of his own, and woe betide the amateur that tried to copy Hugh. If you had seen him swing his club on the tee you would have said, "That fellow's style is all wrong. He'll never do any good till he alters it."

But it was your judgment, and not Hugh's style, that was all wrong. Hugh never foozled a tee shot, and he was a mighty clean hitter. Instead of keeping his head rigidly steady, as Harry Vardon and others teach, or keeping his eye on the ball as every beginner has it dunned into him, Hugh turned his head clean round during the backward swing and followed the club with his eyes till he saw the head come down again and strike the ball. He kept his eye on the club-head rather than on the ball. In this way he got his shoulders grandly through.

Hugh never played with the rubber-cored ball, and if he had I doubt whether Abe Mitchell or Ted Ray could have driven farther. His drives with the gutta were tremendous and straight as telegraph wires. I never saw a man drive as far down wind. He carried the road against a wind from the back tee at the last hole in the Open Championship which he won in 1891. Hugh was a grand holer of yard putts, and the golfer

who is strong in that respect is always a hard man to beat.

The following year he tied with Mr. John Ball and Sandy Herd for second place. One of his last performances was at Silloth—where the Misses Leitch come from—when on the first day, in a stroke match, he tied with J. H. Taylor, who was then Champion, with 151; and on the second day, in a hole match, beat Taylor by 4 and 3.

I often ask myself what would have happened if Hugh had been alive to win an Open Championship to-day, when golf has increased in popularity a hundred times. Golfers would have tried to copy his style all over the country, and would have gone from bad to worse for their pains. There's many a man has lost the golf he had by trying to imitate leading players till all the fun has gone out of the game for him.

A joker who had some lessons from me in the hope of getting his handicap down at an English Club he belonged to, sent me a postcard a week afterwards with this verse on it:—

> The lessons you gave me, dear Andra,
> Your warnings, your counsels, and saws,
> Though meant for the best,
> It must be confessed,
> Have left me much worse than I was.

Of course, he was in a terrible hurry to get down to scratch, and I replied to his postcard, telling him that his troubles were just growing pains, and advising him to persevere on the lines I had laid down till he should be

able to do the right thing by habit. Two months later I had another letter from the joker, in which he wrote :—

> The lessons you gave me, dear Andra,
> Are all very well in their way,
> But to tell you the truth,
> Had I started in youth,
> I might have been champion to-day.
>
> But I'm forty and over, dear Andra,
> And maybe you'll swear or you'll smile,
> When I tell you that I
> Am now struggling to try
> And get back to my natural style.

I have in my desk a letter addressed "Andra, St. Andrews." It came from an Edinburgh golfer who wished to engage me for a few days' play. He does jokey things like that. The letter came straight to me, and the postman merely dropped it through the letter-box, asking no questions. When I met him afterwards in the street on his rounds he said that I was as well known as a bad penny.

In my young days ladies hardly played golf at all, but the rubber-cored ball has drawn them to the game in thousands.

I see Mrs. Asquith has been writing a book about the great men and women she has known in her life in high places. The book's too dear for me to buy, but I need not trouble my head about that, for my name was never mentioned in it from cover to cover.

Well, that's no reason why I should not mention Mrs. Asquith's name in my Memories. We all liked Mrs. Asquith at St. Andrews, and I have a tale to tell

MRS. ASQUITH.

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about her. She was often on the St. Andrews links, and I have played many a round with her. She was always very free, jolly and friendly with me; not stiff or strait-laced in the very least.

I remember there was a fair at St. Andrews, with hobby-horses—what you call roundabouts—on the Bruce Embankment, at the back of the Royal and Ancient Club. It was a fine summer day, and I was dandering about looking at the young folks enjoying themselves and maybe wishing I was young again. I saw a lady standing on the back of one of the hobby-horses, holding on to the iron supports. One foot was planted on the hobby-horse's saddle and the other on its neck.

To my astonishment the lady called out to me, "Andrew, what do you think of me now? Don't you think I look well?"

"You look very well, my lady," I cried, "but mind ye dinna fa'. That's a gey bad stance."

It was Mrs. Asquith, just enjoying herself, and entering into the sports of the people as the gentry ought to do at such times. There's not so much to choose between one class and another, and I could not help thinking at the time how few ladies would be so broadminded and natural as Mrs. Asquith. I am afraid we have all got hobby-horses of one sort or another on which we cut capers at times.

In those days cigarette smoking was not common among lady golfers, but occasionally one would pull out her case during a round and take a few whiffs. I can hear Mrs. Asquith saying: "Andrew, perhaps a cigarette

will improve my play. It certainly cannot make it any worse." She asked me to spread my coat open to keep the wind away while she lighted up.

One evening as I was passing under her window she shouted to me: "Andrew, catch!" as she threw a handful of cigarettes to me. I gathered them up with difficulty, while she laughed at my attempts. Mrs. Asquith was the happiest lady golfer I ever saw on the links. She did not come there to wrinkle her brows at bad lies or bad shots.

A friend of mine told me only the other day that he once followed Tom Morris and Mr. Asquith playing a foursome against Mrs. Asquith and Mr. Balfour. They were putting on the sixteenth green, when Mr. Asquith missed a short putt. Mrs. Asquith laughingly said to Tom Morris, "Did ever anybody have a partner like my husband?" Tom replied, "The short putts are just about as easily missed as the lang anes, my lady." Mr. Asquith quietly smiled. Mr. Balfour laughed. They all laughed as they went to the next tee.

Mrs. Asquith did not care a pin who saw her. She just did as she liked, and I prefer folk like that; I am a bit that way myself. They say I am very outspoken on the links. A story was told of two ladies on the balcony of the "Royal and Ancient." One said, "Would you like a round?" The other replied, "No, I think not, it is too hot. But there's Andra Kirkaldy just starting out, let's follow and hear him say what he thinks."

A lady pupil once said to me, "Mr. Kirkaldy, they tell me you are a very plain-speaking man, who calls a spade

a spade. I am glad of it. I want to know all my faults —my golfing faults, I mean—so don't spare me, please."

I said to her, "My lady, I could not spare you if I tried, but before starting out just drop that 'Mr. Kirkaldy' if you please. Plain Andra for me, leddie."

She laughed heartily. It was a very cold day, just like eating snowballs all the way round. The lady was a poor golfer, but a good sport. When we were out of everybody's sight she produced from the pocket of her golf bag a neat little silver flask with something in it that was just what the doctor ordered. They told me afterwards that the lady was a play-actress from Glasgow. She never came to St. Andrews again, so far as I know, and if my story should come into her hands, she'll remember how I smacked my lips that very cold day.

The late Andrew Lang was a keen golfer, but maybe he did better things with the pen than with the club. I have often carried for him and played with him. He loved St. Andrews like a native, though he told me more than once that the home of his boyhood was down in the Borders where the Tweed and the Yarrow run, "full of trout, Andrew," he used to say. Mr. Lang talked more than Mr. Balfour, and was always looking for a laugh. Sometimes he would make a remark to the other players that sent them into fits when I could not see the joke, just as things I have said often amused golfers when I saw nothing to laugh at myself.

I wondered often if Mr. Lang was poking fun at me, and once I felt sure that he was. I was wearing an old pair of trousers that had been given to me by a member

of the club. I was only a poor caddie then, and not very well clad. A gift of "claes" was very welcome.

It angered me in my heart to think the great man was making fun of my rig-out, and when that same day he turned to me and said slyly, "Andrew, do you think there is any danger of my ever winning the Amateur Championship?" I just replied without smiling, "No great danger, Mr. Lang, unless the rest o' the players are no better than ye are."

He laughed heartily, and then I knew that a joke was a joke to Mr. Lang, whoever cracked it. When I told him about the postcard Ben Sayers sent to me from America, addressed "Andra, Hell Bunker, St. Andrews," I mind well he said, "But we are both Andrews, and as I know Sayers, too, perhaps that postcard was meant for me." Of course, I replied that Ben would not have taken such a liberty, and Mr. Lang could say no more.

About this time there was a character at St. Andrews called Old Daw. He used to sell lemon squashes and ginger beer at the ninth hole in summer. One very hot day in August Daw's barrow was surrounded by three professors from the University and Mr. Lang. They were playing a foursome. One of them, Professor Purdie, said, "David (Daw's proper name), you must be making a great pile of money here."

Mr. Lang walked round Daw's barrow and counted the lemons lying about. Then he said, "Tell us, Daw, just what you make in a day."

"Money talks in a' langwidges," Daw replied. "I'll quote ye that in pen and ink when I gang hame."

The company then patronised Old Daw liberally.

"Andrew"—as Mr. Lang was often called—always seemed to me to play golf just to take him into the fresh air and for the sake of the healthy exercise. He never looked to be a robust man. I am certain he paid very little attention to the game while he played it.

Often he would lag behind, as if he was dreaming on his feet. Maybe he was making up poetry. He would look at the ground half a minute, then look up at the clouds. Noticing his absent-mindedness, he would come running up laughing.

A pleasanter man you could not wish to know. He was very kind-hearted. When my brother Hugh was on his death-bed, Mr. Lang came to see him, and more than once sent round a bottle of wine. He was very keen about Hugh, and was grieved to see him cut down so young, when he was making a great name for himself as a golfer.

"Hugh would have gone far, very far," he said to me after Hugh's death. "He is a great loss to St. Andrews. You must keep up the family name, Andra, and you can do it."

I have tried, but I'm thinking Hugh would have done it better had he lived.

Mr. Lang used to say that golf should make men live longer and better lives. The great thing was to enjoy the game, and not to go round the links in a bad temper because you could not beat "bogey." He said many men so worried themselves that they were as much the worse for a round of golf as they ought to have been the better for it.

And, by gum! that's true. It's a pitiful sight to see

the nerve wrecks that leave the eighteenth green on competition days. Poor fools! To make a toil and trouble of what should be a pleasure. Besides, as any sensible man knows, the best golf is played by the best or the worst players when every shot, easy or difficult, is thoroughly enjoyed. Show me a golfer that grouses at his opponent's luck and never gets any luck himself and—well, none of my money is going to be laid on him. What golf-writers call "temperament"—a thing we hear far too much about—I just call common sense.

After one of the hardest money matches I ever played, an army colonel belonging to the Royal and Ancient Club came up to me and said, "Andrew, were you not nervous playing before so many people for so much money?"

"What was there to be nervous about?" I replied. "Nervous men should never back themselves. It would be like pickin' their ain pockets. I never gave the crowd a thocht, and the money only made me stick to the lead when it came my way. It was not like facing shot and shell. The only time my nerves ever got the better of me was at Tel-el-Kebir. I didna ken that mornin' whether my head or my feet were doonmost."

This reminds me of my soldiering days—six years with the Colours and six years in the Reserve, going through the Egyptian Campaign. When the Great War broke out in 1914 I immediately offered myself, but the best use they could find for an old soldier was bottle-washing or something no better.

"No!" said I, "fechtin' or naething," and as they could not take me for the trenches I did naething.

It was just after I was beaten by a putt in the Championship of 1879, when Jamie Anderson won for the third time in succession, that I decided to join the "sodgers." I always had a hankering after the Colours. Two or three days after the Championship I was in Dundee with two companions. We ran up against a recruiting sergeant, who stopped us and said, "You're just the sort of fellows to take the bob"—the Queen's shilling, as it was called.

"I'll take it," says I. "Gi'e me the bob." My two mates chimed in that they would take it too. Bobs were very scarce in those days. The sergeant led us to an inn, where we signed some papers and spent the bobs.

The week following we were sworn in at Perth. This brought my father, who was an old artilleryman, post-haste from St. Andrews to "pay the smart," a guinea, and buy me off.

On the way to the station for home I jinked my father and enlisted again. I was determined to be a soldier and see a bit of the world. For eight months I kept my parents in the dark as to my whereabouts, fearing they might waste another guinea on me, which they could ill enough afford to do.

At Tel-el-Kebir, in the Egyptian Campaign—my first and only taste of the soldier's real business—I was twice shot in the leg and once speared in the arm. I could roll up my sleeve and show you the mark. It was an ugly cut, but it might have been worse. An Irishman, named Teddy O'Neal, saved my life by making short work of the big Arab that fell as his spear was coming for my

chest. Teddy gave him the "daft yin," as we say in St. Andrews, meaning the knock-out blow.

After the battle Sir Garnet Wolseley came up and said: "I thought I was not to see any of the Highland Brigade this morning. I am proud to see so many of you. You have done your duty well."

It was in India that I completed my six years with the Colours, and then resolved to go home and take sixpence a day pension for six years in the Reserves. Sergeant-Major Quirke laughed when I told him I proposed to make my living at golf.

"Don't be a d——d fool," said he. "What do you know about golf? Take the £10 and re-enlist."

"Na, na," says I. "I'm done wi' sodgering. It's gowf for me now. It may be news to you that I was second for the Championship the year I 'listed."

"Hoots, man!" says he, "ye're only bletherin'."

"You'll see about it later on," says I.

And he did. Almost the first man I met on leaving the last green at St. Andrews after my great match over four courses for £100 aside against Willie Park—which I won by 8 up and 7—was Sergeant-Major Quirke. He shouted over to me: "Good old 74th. Gi'e me your hand. You were right, Andra. You'll be a champion right enough. They are all good men in the Highland Light Infantry."

Still better than this. Major McAlpine, whom I served under in Egypt and India, was there too. He came forward and put a £5 note in my hand, as he said: "I hope you'll be a champion yet and keep up the reputation of the old 74th." Soldiers are "maist awfu' prood" of their regiments.

CHAPTER III

FAR AWA' FRAE BONNIE SCOTLAND

Sandy Herd and I among the Americans and Mexicans—Greens without grass—The Man in the Moon—A whisky and soda at each hole—Scene at a bull-fight—the "Star of Texas"—The wonderful putting of Mr. Travis—Arnaud Massy and the mysterious cheque—Five-pound note blown from my hand into the Irish Channel.

I SHOULD not be the man my friends take me for if I did not read with a twinge of envy that Harry Vardon and Edward Ray returned from America after their recent tour with six thousand pounds clear profit. They have my congratulations, and it would be as far from me as the wind that dried my first hose to say that they did not deserve as much—and more if they could get it.

There's another Harry of another sort, a Scotsman like myself—I mean Sir Harry Lauder. I wonder how many thousand pounds he brought back with him from that generous land. They were all there together, I understand. Maybe Sir Harry saw them play, and maybe Vardon and Ray heard him sing. But comic singing, or any kind of singing, is not in my line, and so I leave Sir Harry to his well-gotten gains. My only grudge against him is that he does not rig himself out as a golfer on the stage, with clubs and knickerbockers,

and sing a song about his national game. If he does not play golf, he's quite old enough now to start.

Every man's business is his own affair. Money's not the evil thing it is called. I have never met a man yet that had any real prejudice against money, however muckle some may preach against it. I could always take my risks with any quantity of it.

There are many worse, and maybe few better, callings than golf. Any young man with the gift can be well off, all things considered, as a professional golfer. I'm thinking many more first-rate amateurs than Abe Mitchell and Gordon Lockhart will yet come over to our side.

Just ask yourself this question: "Is a well-filled money-bag the hardest pillow a man of sixty (that's me) ever slept on? and is there any book makes pleasanter reading than a good fat bank-book?"

Not that I ken much about such things. But a man can form an opinion of a good thing all the more because he has never had it. If a millionaire drops a shilling in the street on a dark night, he's just as likely as a poor man to strike a match and look for it. I have always been keener about money than money has been about me. No sooner have I won it in any modest measure than it has parted from me very quickly.

It is sixteen years since I visited America. I spent my New Year's Day on a liner going there, and well I remember feeling "gey dowie" as my thoughts flew off to the wife and family away there in St. Andrews celebrating Hogmanay without me.

No Fifer likes to be from home at any time, but more especially at such a time as that. Still, I was in good company. My old friend Sandy Herd, a St. Andrews man like myself, was alongside me. It was January 1906 or thereabouts—a year here or there makes no matter. Herd had already won his Championship, and I had missed mine several times when I had it, as you might say, in my pocket. I'm thinking there must have been a hole in my pocket to cause me to lose it so often.

Golf was already spreading fast over America sixteen years ago. It's running across the whole country now like Noah's flood. A number of St. Andrews and North Berwick players were doing well there as professionals. They were the leaders of the procession that was to follow. It was while I was working on this book that my son Davie put his sticks together to try his fortunes across the water, and I'm telling you his rig-out cost a bonny penny.

"Davie," says I to him, "waste no time in makin' a name for yersel' as a gowfer, and one or other of the American clubs will snap ye up. Honour yer faither afore ye. The name of Kirkaldy is not to be lightly carried. But it'll dae little for ye among the practical Americans, unless ye show yersel' a chip aff the auld block. There's naething in a name till ye put something into it. And, Davie, my lad, mak' up yer mind that ye'll never deserve to have this said of ye, 'The boy plays a good game, but he'll never be a golfer like his father.' Better brak' a' yer clubs ower yer knees than hearken tae the likes o' that. Lastly, Davie, keep

stracht—at golf and everything else. Ye can pay me back the pennies I've lent ye when ye hae twice as many as ye owe me—not till then."

I wish I could keep in the line at story-telling as well as I hope I can at golfing. But so many memories crowd around me, like school bairns cracking their fingers to get the teacher's nod, that I am aye tempted to turn to this side or that until I clean forget where I left off, and my "saikretary" or editor, as he calls himself, has to lead me back on to the fairway again.

Well, Herd and I were content in those days to bring back from America a clear profit that did not run far past the mark at which the income-tax started before the war—maybe £150, and maybe £200, and maybe less than that. We were not very saving of our takings, and, of course, golf was not then the craze it is now with the Americans. I'm thinking we crossed the water sixteen years too soon, and that's just another way of saying that we were born sixteen years earlier than was good for us.

It was first intended that our party should number six—Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, James Braid, Tom Vardon, Alec Herd and myself. The management of the tour was in the good hands of Mr. Alec Findlay, a Montrose golfer, who had made his home in America. Each of us was guaranteed £60 and expenses. When we got to know that Mexico was to be the principal field of operations, the two Vardons, Taylor and Braid backed out of it. It was the heart of a hard winter, and golf could not be played on the New York courses.

Mexico in those days was considered to be a rowdy sort of a country. Though everybody was very kind to us, we saw and heard a good many things that would startle the canny-going folk in this country. There are more laws here than in Mexico. Once our train was held up and numbers (not including Herd and me) were asked to give up all they had on them to save their skins.

On another occasion a thief in the night snatched a watch from under the pillow of a sleeping amateur boxer and five hundred dollars from his pocket-book. A lady woke up the next morning to find that her jewellery, her gold watch and her money were missing. But perhaps such things happen in the best regulated countries.

I suppose the brothers Vardon, Taylor and Braid, in backing out of the Mexican trip, had come to the conclusion that the game was not worth the candle. Tom Vardon shortly afterwards went to America (not Mexico) for good, where they say he is doing grandly.

Tom was very little, if anything, behind his gifted brother Harry as a golfer.

Mr. Findlay was disappointed when our party was reduced to two. He arranged to send Ben Nicholls, an English professional engaged in America, across here to persuade the next best two golfers in this country to make up four. The result was that Jack White, who had just won his Championship, and Rowland Jones agreed to go. But they did not stop very long.

I remember Herd wired me from Huddersfield, where he was professional for many years: "Are you game to go to Mexico? If you will go I will go."

I replied by letter. A man can say more, though not so quickly, for a twopenny stamp than for a pound's worth of telegrams. I wrote: "The Mexicans can be as wild as they are called, but they canna put the fear o' death on an old sodger that's focht agin the Moors and Fuzzies of Egypt."

Herd wired back: "All right. I'll book our passage. Meet me at Huddersfield, and we will travel together to Liverpool." His telegrams must have cost him the best part of five shillings. And still they'll tell you a Scotsman's mean.

I was then playing the best golf I had ever played or should ever play. Herd's golf was always as good as anybody's best, and it shows no signs of age yet. His first wife was my sister Nell, and she was wrong when she used to say to Sandy that he would never play golf like her brothers, Andrew and Hugh.

"You are going a long way, Andrew," said Annie, my wife, to me. "But you've been as far before, and so long as you keep your health no harm will betide you." I liked Annie for that.

I was not then official professional at St. Andrews, but just like the rest of the professionals you find there to-day, looking for chances of earning a bit and not finding as many games as they could well be doing with.

Old Tom Morris was still alive. He advised me strongly to go to America, saying, "I'll be gled to hear on your return what you think o' the Yankees and their greens. I'm ower auld to travel that far mysel'." It is a way we have of speaking in St. Andrews. We call

golf courses "greens," meaning the whole links, and not only the putting greens.

Well I call to mind how old Tom laughed on my home-coming when I told him that the Mexican greens were as bald as the cobble-stones in Market Street—not a blade of grass on them, so that we putted on sand, baked like waxcloth by the sun. The only grass green we saw in three months was when we were coming away. This was at Myopia, a few miles from Boston. Never in my fifty years of golf have I seen greens to beat these. They were like velvet, and it seemed almost a shame to tramp on them with tackety boots.

We had packed up to leave Boston for Liverpool. The manager of the Myopia Club begged us to play before the members. Herd did a 75 and I did a 78. The captain lent us three clubs each, as our own clubs were packed away. They treated us like lords—as if they were lords or as if we were lords. You can have it any way you like.

When the American professionals crossed to this country in 1920 for the Open Championship, it was said in the newspapers that one of them caused great diversion among the passengers by driving new balls into the Atlantic from the deck of the ship. Times have changed. No such wastrel tricks for us!

Herd, White, Jones and I were satisfied to practise swinging at imaginary balls, captive balls, or even champagne corks.

One clear moonlight night off the banks of Newfoundland I was standing on deck chatting with the mate,

when I looked up and said, "That moon has a proper man's face."

"Yes," said the mate, "that is the Man in the Moon. We see it like this every seven years, and you are lucky to-night seeing it so distinctly."

Herd was in the saloon, and I shouted down to him: "Here, Sandy, come up and see the Man in the Moon."

The mate brought a telescope, and Herd and I had a look. Sandy was mesmerised and hung on to the telescope for twenty minutes. "Andra," he says, "look through this. Ye can see his verra een, chin, teeth and his nose as plainly as the Martyrs' Monument at St. Andrews."

Men are easily amused at sea—just like laddies. And it'll always be that way, for the wide waters make poor mortals feel very small fry.

"Iceberg! iceberg!" shouted the man on watch from the crow's nest one morning early. The ship's bell began to make a terrible din, like the fire brigade I once heard in London. We jumped from our bunks, and sure enough a floating mountain as black as the Bell Rock was coming straight for us. The air grew so perishing cold that the passengers could not stop on deck for fear of getting frost-bite.

We had to go slow for three hours and take soundings all the time. I suppose the danger was that a lump of the iceberg might be hiding under the water.

At last the mate turned to me and said, "Thank goodness, we are clear of that big fellow. The iceberg is seven miles in length, and if he had knocked against

us we should all have holed out in Davy Jones's locker."

At New York we were received by Mr. Alec Findlay, our generous manager, and an old friend, George Strath, one of the first of the Scottish brigade of professionals to carry the royal and ancient game into America. I do not remember the name of the hotel we stayed at, but I remember the height of the building and the height of the bill. Thirty shillings each for bed and breakfast!

"When is your hotel for sale?" I asked the cashier. "I don't think you'll ever sell it, if ye rake in siller at this rate." I had to explain that siller was money—just Scottish for silver.

Next morning we were off for Mexico. (I'm telling this story in my own way, backwards and forwards as seems easiest to me.) The booking-office was up among the clouds. It took us two or three minutes to get to the top storey by a hoist. Herd said, "Andra, when are we going to stop? I hope we dinna gang through the roof. It'll be a big drop to the street. This building must be ten times as high as the Square Tower in St. Andrews."

I looked over a window at the people below and said, "L——d, man, they're just like sparras. It mak's me giddy's a goat to look doon."

They made more fuss about Herd than about me, on account of his being a British champion. I had been runner-up three or four times, but if a man were forty times runner-up he'd still have to take a back seat in a champion's company. Golfers will understand the

shivers that sometimes run down my back when I think how nearly and how often I came to reaching the goal of my ambition; now alas! out of sight for ever.

Three days and three nights the train rattled on through a most wonderful country, till we steamed into Mexico City. I remember it took us a whole day to pass a sandstorm that filled every crack and crevice of our faces and nearly choked us. We could not see one another for dust, and when the storm passed, or we passed the storm, the sand lay on us like flour on a miller.

Friends on this side had told me that the dare-deevils of Mexico would make us drink a glass of beer at the point of the revolver. Not that that would ever be necessary—in such a hot climate.

We were to open at Mexico with a tournament. Besides the four of us there were Ben Nicholls, Willie Smith, Alec Smith, Nipper Campbell and Willie Anderson, five British-American professionals. It was a two-round competition under medal play, and Willie Smith, who learned his golf at Carnoustie, won it with a score of 144, made up of 72 to each round.

Next day a wealthy silver-miner put up a prize of 1,000 dollars for a match between us four and four British golfers resident in America.

"Match play or naething," I said, and got my way. We drew for opponents, putting the names of the four British golfers in one hat and the names of the four American golfers in another hat. Revenge was sweet. I was drawn against Willie Anderson and beat him. We won every match.

Syne (then) on to Texas, where we played a score match, which Herd won, I being second. After the match we were grandly entertained by the kindest people I could ever hope to meet outside my ain country. I noticed the ladies wore a shining star at their throats, and asked one of them what it meant.

"It is the Star of Texas," the lady said. "Only a hundred people are allowed to wear it."

"My wife would like to be one of the hundred, my lady," I said.

The British golfers were afterwards called together and asked whether they would like to have the Star of Texas instead of the medals we were to receive.

"The Star for me!" said every one of us.

"My wife would like that for a brooch," said Herd.

Where is that beautiful Star of Texas now? Lost, I am sorry to say. My daughter Mary wore it for a long time, and then dropped it in some St. Andrews street. For many a day I walked about the city, peering into the necks of ladies, hoping to set eyes on the Star. Once I was sure I spotted it on a lady's throat, and went so close up to her for a near inspection that she jumped back, and called out, "Losh, man, whatever is the matter with you? Are you trying to frighten me out of my senses?"

"No, no, my lady," I said, feeling very shamefaced. "I was only looking at your bonnie brooch, thinking it was one my daughter lost. But now I see I am mistaken, and I'm beggin' your pardon."

"Andrew," she said, "since it's you, I'll forgive you,

but you gave me a terrible start. What would you have said if I'd dropped down dead ? "

Is it not astonishing to what lengths a man will go to recover something he has lost, especially if it be a gift to one of his own lassies ?

Of course, Herd and I could not be in Texas for the first time without seeing a bull-fight, but I think we could be in Texas again without seeing one. One bull-fight is one too many in my lifetime. Mr. Findlay gave us tickets that cost a pound each, and were dear at the price. I'm not going to hurt my own feelings or yours with details of this form of sport. Every country to its own tastes.

We saw ten poor horses killed and about as many bulls, and we were both fairly " scunnered " (sickened) at the sight. A Carnoustie golf professional, named George Low, who was connected with one of the Mexican clubs, warned us against going, but we could not very well throw away the tickets, after they had been given to us. That would have been like buying your dinner in a restaurant and leaving it, a thing I never could do.

It would have been better if we had taken Geordie Low's advice. When we had seen the show about half way through I said to Herd, loud enough for everybody to hear, " That fellow fighting the bulls daurna face a coo, because a coo fights with her eyes open, and a bull shuts his eyes when he comes at you."

The Spaniards sitting near us understood what I said and began to jeer at me. I turned and told them that I would go into the ring myself and face any of their

ANDRA TELLING HIS STORIES TO MR. CLYDE FOSTER ON THE SWILCAN BRIG.

blind bulls for a hundred dollars. They did not put down the money, and maybe I was just as glad, for when I thought about it afterwards I felt that I had been bragging a bit.

Some of the Mexicans said that the man in the ring could fight a cow too. I told them he couldn't, because a cow would chase him all over the place, and instead of rushing madly past him would swerve as she sprang and very soon get him. It reminded me of a narrow escape I had in St. Andrews when my family were young. Their mother and I and the children were going along the Lade Braes when an angry cow made a dash for the pram. I ran forward and got hold of it by the horns. Feeling that the cow was getting the better of me I threw myself over the embankment, and the cow ran on past the children. Man, but I had some strength in those days—just heaving with muscle!

Herd and I took a chance to slip away from the bull-fight when one of the animals had to be coaxed out of the ring because it refused to attack a horse. "That's the first time, Andra," said Herd, "I've seen a bull-fight, and it will be the last time. I canna see ony sport in it."

I remember that the Mexicans played golf in their shirtsleeves, wearing white trousers and wide-awake hats. It looked very strange at first, but when you took the heat into account, it would have been absurd for them to play in thick Harris tweed golfing jackets as we do in St. Andrews and the north. Some of the Americans have played here without their coats, but

they generally found it cool enough to wear coats like the rest of us.

Talking about golf to a Mexican gentleman, he said to me, "Andrew, I have played many sorts of games, but golf is the most worrying of them all. Still, it is the best game. The man who invented it should have a monument at St. Andrews. Isn't it a grand sensation when you hit the ball right! Some days I can do it and dream about being an amateur champion. Other days I can't do it, and I want to break all the darned clubs for firewood. How's that, Andrew?"

"Perhaps you are standing wrongly, or it may be that you are not feeling as well the one day as the other; or perhaps you are feeling too well and playing rashly." I knew that what I had said to him was hardly worth saying, but a professional, like a doctor, must say something when he's consulted.

My American tour was a great experience, and although I did not bring back a fortune, or half a fortune, I always like to look back on it and to think of the kindness that was shown to me. This one thing I will say—you cannot give points to the Americans or the Mexicans in hospitality to the stranger. And I'm not saying this for fear they might throw divots at me if I said anything different.

Their drinks were queer concoctions and had still queerer names—cocktails, Scotch highballs, dog-noses and such like. They played terrible tricks with whisky. I don't mean when they had whisky. I'm referring to the way they mixed whisky with other drinks. There was ice in everything, enough to make your teeth slacken in

your head. Very likely a man drinks according to the climate he lives in.

Freak golf matches were often played by the Mexicans, who did not take the game so seriously as the Americans. One I remember that was too much for Herd and me. It was a drinking competition for a sweepstake. The conditions were that the competitors should take a whisky and soda on every tee. Black boys followed them round with the refreshments—if you could call the drinks by that name. The niggers grinned all the way.

Sandy and I only tried once, and we played no further than the third or fourth hole, owing to the terrible heat. That was not the only reason. The other reason was that three or four glasses of whisky and soda in quarter of an hour were more than enough in any kind of weather.

We had not gone to Mexico to commit suicide. We waited until the match was over and found that four of the gentlemen had completed the round, so that the money prize had to be divided. We did not wait for the dinner afterwards.

Our next trip was to Florida. The train ran up to the very doorstep of the biggest and bonniest hotel I ever clapped eyes on.

Here I met Mr. Walter J. Travis, the great golfer who was the first American to win the Amateur Championship in this country. Mr. Travis and I had met before on this side, and he came up and shook hands with me.

"Well, Andrew," he said, "I needn't ask you how you are. You look all over a conqueror. I am glad to see you, and I hope your trip will do you good in every

way. There will be lots of young golfers in this country trying to get wrinkles from you."

He talked about games we had had in St. Andrews, and very soon our chat turned upon the final round of the Amateur Championship which he won at Sandwich, beating Mr. Edward Blackwell. I could weary you with my admiration for Mr. Travis. He was the greatest putter, amateur or professional, I have met in my fifty years of golf. All who saw that final raved about his putting. He used the famous Schenectady putter, and, of course, a great demand sprung up for that putter all over the country. Then it was barred.

Mr. Travis was not a long driver. I might almost say that he was a short driver. It would be easy to find hundreds of "10 handicap" men anywhere who would outdrive him easily. But would they keep as straight? I think not, because if they did they would not be "10" men.

Nowadays it makes me tired to hear golfers everlastingly talking about the long drives they have, or somebody else has, made. Long driving is a thing every golfer strives for. The pity is that so many strive too much for it, and wreck their game by attempting what to them is not on the cards. Mr. Travis played golf, if ever any man did, with his brains. He backed his brains to make up for short driving.

"I am not ambitious to be a long, raking driver," he would say, "though if great length came my way, and I still was able to keep straight, then nobody would be more delighted than I. But I get an enormous amount

of pleasure, and some rare thrills, in the recovery shots I must either make or be beaten."

There is a power of common sense in all this, and the generality of golfers would do themselves a lot of good if they took Mr. Travis as their example. When I saw him play Mr. Edward Blackwell I greatly admired his pluck and wonderful self-control.

Think of it. Mr. Blackwell was very likely the longest driver in the world at that time. I don't know whether there are any longer drivers now, but that does not matter. He outdrove Mr. Travis, I should say, from every tee, sometimes by as much as seventy or eighty yards, and always by as much as thirty or forty yards.

This means that the American had the terrible uphill battle to fight, of playing the odd for his second shot all the way round. Would you like to do that after you had come three thousand miles and then got into the final of the Championship, with the eyes of all your fellow-countrymen following your game and eagerly wanting you to win ? Yet Mr. Travis beat Mr. Blackwell 4 and 3, after beating Mr. Hilton, the ex-champion, by 5 and 4, showing that his win was no affair of luck.

Naturally I wanted Mr. Blackwell to be the winner, but I was afraid of Mr. Travis all the way because of his deadly accuracy. He hardly ever left the line. His driving was like a bullet out of a gun for straightness, and when he came within twenty yards from the hole, he played for the pin, and was either down there and then or with the next putt. We never saw putting like it, and I sympathised with Mr. Blackwell against such a wizard.

I still think that Mr. Blackwell should have won, and I am not saying anything against Mr. Travis when I say this. The golf of the St. Andrews man was good enough to beat anybody. And now I am going to say something that I know to be true, though I have never heard anybody refer to it. Mr. Blackwell had a very troublesome caddie, and that is putting it very mildly. I should think he was the sort of caddie that would have been sacked by me on the spot, almost without his wages.

The fellow was never at hand when wanted, and time and again Mr. Blackwell had to whistle for him as he hid himself in the crowd. A good caddie puts the right club into your hand. This caddie told Mr. Blackwell that he had never caddied before. When the rain came on Mr. Blackwell gave him his umbrella to hold, and the next thing we saw was the caddie struggling with it as the wind tried to blow it outside in, and very nearly succeeded. He confessed that he had never carried clubs or an umbrella before.

My blood boiled, and I offered to carry Mr. Blackwell's clubs, but he thought it might hurt his caddie's feelings, and decided to suffer to the end.

When Mr. Travis and I talked about the match afterwards he also complained that his caddie was evidently only learning his business. He said he greatly admired, and for once in his life almost envied, the long driving of his opponent. But he knew what to expect, and was prepared to meet it by his own methods, chancing his luck.

Mr. Blackwell said afterwards that he had never played

with so silent a golfer as Mr. Travis. He only spoke to him once, and that was to remark on the length of his drives. There was nothing sullen about Mr. Travis, but his silence became a little annoying.

I think Mr. Travis must have had some Scottish blood in his veins which enabled him to play golf in this dour, determined way. I told him so and he laughed, but I don't think he claimed Scottish descent. He was a very pleasant man to chat with, and I must say that I never was fond of golfing chatterboxes. All Americans take golf very earnestly, and they are quite right in this. It is not a game to be trifled with, and the greatest enjoyment is got from it when you give it most attention, because you then play your best.

The Americans must allow me, as an old hand at the game, to warn them against trying too much to improve golf and to make it easier. I have seen the ribbed iron clubs, and I don't like them. It should be the man and not the club that makes the ball stop on the green. We don't want to see golf played by machinery in the long run, and that is what it may come to unless some halt is called to these new-fangled notions. Hands off the auld game!

The ribbed club brings to mind a cunning trick of Tom Kidd, Open Champion in 1873. Several of us were playing on Alexandra Park, Glasgow. The greens were like windows, and some lay on the slopes of the park, so that unless the ball dropped into the hole it would roll twenty or thirty feet down the hill. As many as 21 were taken to a hole. Going out for the afternoon

round, Tom said : " I ken now how to play the slippery greens. Ye'll see me do it." He proved his words. When our balls slithered all over the place, Tom's stood stock still beside the hole. He had carved the cover with his knife, making it as rough as a French " peerie " —a spinning-top.

There's a story about Florida I'd like to drop in here. Herd and I were dandering along the pier in the cool of the evening.

" What are you doing there ? " asked Sandy of a man that was fishing.

" Catching sharks," said the American. " If you stand here a little you may see me get one."

His line was about the thickness of a clothes-rope, and a hook the size of a horse-shoe was baited with about a pound of meat. His line carried a " sink " that I should not have liked to fall on my toes.

In a minute or two the fisherman shouted, " I've got one, look out." He then began to haul up his line, and a friend came to his assistance. Soon a shark, measuring about eight feet, was sprawling on the pier and gaping wide enough to swallow a dog. Herd and I kept out of its reach while they banged its head with a hammer. I remember Sandy's words, " That beast would mak' short work wi' a man's leg."

The fisherman soon filleted the shark and asked us whether we would like a ring made of a piece of bone for a souvenir. We both gave him a dollar and a half for one, and he told us that he made his living by catching sharks and selling bone rings.

One of the best of good fellows and the best of good golfers is my great friend Arnaud Massy, of Nivelle Golf Club, St. Jean de Luz, France, winner of the British Open Championship in 1907, the French Open Championship several times,

I liken Massy to the Taylor of France. Many grand times we've had together on both sides of the Channel. He married a North Berwick woman, and on that account would often say: "Me British!"

Mr. W. R. Sharp, the well-known Scottish cricketer and a member of the Royal and Ancient Club, St. Andrews, took me over to France for a month. That was one of three occasions on which I have been over there. Massy and I tied in a tournament at Biarritz, each taking 74 strokes, and we divided the money. Another time we played two Frenchmen, and were beaten by one hole. We played them a return match at St. Jean de Luz, Massy's course, and beat them.

I saw Massy win the Open Championship at Hoylake, walking in with him for the last three holes. He had fifteen strokes for these holes to win, and somebody told him after he had done the sixteenth and seventeenth in 5's, that he needed a 4 at the last hole. The idea was to make a 5 certain. He nearly got a 4, and won with a 5.

The Frenchman played fine golf against wind and rain. I shook hands with him as heartily as ever I shook a man's hand in my life. When they presented the cup, there were cries for a speech. Massy, who could not speak English as well then as he can now, said: "Me

Scotch. Me married a Scotch wife. Me very pleased me won. No Englishman won."

That was at the time when the Open Championship was nearly always in the hands of Taylor or Vardon, and the English players were on top. After his speech, Arnaud ran away and left the crowd laughing. He joined me afterwards, and we had a grand crack, for I think he got along better with me than with any other professional. There was a good deal in common between us, and they tell me we are not very unlike each other in appearance. I have beaten Massy and he has beaten me in many a close tussle.

Once we had a match at Leven, and while going out of the station to play he fell and injured his leg very badly. He was not well at the time and took fever, being laid up in hospital at North Berwick. Next time we met he said: "Me did not think my eyes were going to open any more. But thank God I've seen you again, old man. That was a bad fall at Leven Station."

The French were very enthusiastic golfers, and we may one day see a Frenchman win the Amateur Championship, as we have already seen a half-Frenchman win the Open Championship. It may not be generally known that Harry Vardon, the greatest golfer of his day, is half French. His mother was a French woman.

My second trip to France very nearly cost Massy and me our lives. An Irish gentlemen, Mr. Smithwick, met me in London and made all arrangements about my trip, going to France with me. While motoring with Mr. Smithwick and Massy on the way to Pau, a mad

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driver, coming in the opposite direction like an express train, just missed our car by a hair's-breadth. It was only the presence of mind of our driver that saved us. He ran the car up an embankment to get out of the way.

Massy said, "That was very close, Andrew. If that mad motorist had struck us, there would have been two Scotch women widows."

"Too close for me," said Mr. Smithwick.

"I propose that we should walk," said I.

"It is too far," said Massy; "it would take two days and two nights. We have not time for that."

Going from Calais to Dover I nearly found the last thing I ever expected to find in this world—a watery grave. A coal boat "holed out" in our port side and our bows came down like a duck grubbing. The captain ordered all the passengers astern to lift the ship up. Two tugs came and escorted us seven miles. I was alone this time, and very soon had my coat off ready to jump overboard.

An Englishman was talking to me when we saw the coal boat coming for us, and the next time I saw him was on the quay at Dover. He said he jumped on the coal boat the moment she struck us. That was how I missed him. It must have been a fine jump, and I admired his pluck.

I still think Massy saved my life, Lord Dudley's life, Willie Fernie's life, the lives of several ladies and his own life while crossing a sheet of water in Ireland when a gale sprang up and nearly blew our boat over. Massy pulled out his knife and cut the sail free. The Irishman who had charge of the tiller coolly said, when we gave

him a bit of our minds, "You would have been all the better for a dip in the holy water."

"You don't take the tiller any more," said Massy. "I will take charge. You are a mad Irishman." Our reason for crossing this stretch of water was to take a short cut to Portmarnock golf course. We did not try that short cut again.

Massy told me a story of a mysterious "crossed" cheque which was put into his hand by a rich golfer in a Paris street. He and a Scottish professional were sight-seeing in the French capital, when they were hailed by a millionaire, who, after asking them what they were doing in Paris, and being told by Massy that he was showing his friend round, pulled from his pocket a blank piece of paper and made a cross on it.

Only that and nothing more. He told Massy to take it to a certain bank where he would be paid £100 on presenting the cheque.

The golfers were in a swither, thinking it was too good to be true. It seemed absurd that a cheque like that could command so much money. "I hae my doots aboot it," said the Scottish professional. "We might be run into jail."

After much debating and standing a long time in front of the bank, afraid to enter, Massy at length marched boldly in, while the Scotsman took himself off to a safe distance, in case Massy should be detained on suspicion.

"Can I have £100 for this?" asked Massy of the cashier.

"Certainly, sir," said the bank official, proceeding at once to pay out the money, without asking any questions.

When Massy came into the street he looked all round

for the Scottish golfer, who after a time appeared from behind a monument.

The scene was changed when Massy showed his pocket bulging with gold. To this day the golfers wondered whether their liberal patron had telephoned the bank giving instructions to honour the mysterious cheque.

I often crossed the water to play in Ireland, and had the pleasure of winning an open tournament at Dollymount, near Dublin. Though it was not officially described as an Irish Championship, it practically amounted to one. Many of the leading British amateurs and professionals were there. The medal I received, which my wife wears as a brooch, bears the following inscription :

Open competition for amateurs and professionals, medal play, 36 holes—1st prize, won by Andrew Kirkaldy, 1st round 78 strokes, 2nd round 76 strokes.

The first prize was £30 and the second prize was £20, which was won by my brother Hugh. As we had agreed to halve whatever we might win, this meant that each got £25. We had a desperate race in a jaunting Irish car for the boat, nearly slipping off the side seats all the way.

Hugh said to me on board, "£5 from you, Andra." I was handing it to him when a gust of wind blew the fiver into the channel. What I said need not be written. A sailor offered to jump overboard and try to recover the note if we would get the captain to stop the boat and reward him with a pound whatever happened. I did not think the chance was good enough, and Hugh agreed to let me off by paying him £2 10s. So we each took home the half of £45.

CHAPTER IV

CHAMPIONSHIP IN MY POCKET

Great battles with Willie Park—Spectator's hat hit and an inch putt missed—Championship defeat avenged before record crowd at St. Andrews—The " glory hallelujah shot " at Sunningdale—Why the snow did not stick to my ball at Witley Park —Dog caddies at St. Andrews.

THE golf books have always been wrong about my near shaves of winning the Championship. It is wrong to say that I tied three times. The only time I actually tied was at Musselburgh in 1889, when Willie Park and I returned a score of 157. That was when only two rounds were played. Park beat me on the re-play.

In 1879—the year of the Tay Bridge disaster—I was runner-up with Jamie Anderson at St. Andrews. He got £8 for the first prize and I got £5 for the second prize. In 1891 my brother Hugh won at St. Andrews with a score of 166, and I was second with 167.

I have sometimes heard it said that I purposely let Hughie beat me, saying, " Hugh 's no' weel, and it'll maybe do him good to win the Championship. My turn will come soon enough." It never came.

I cannot be credited with such brotherly feeling. It is true I knew that Hugh was well in the running, and it is

true that I played the last two holes badly, but it is very far from true to say that I did not try my hardest to win. Any professional golfer will easily believe me, for a Championship means too much for any man to throw it away; even to let his brother win it.

We all knew that Hugh was not going to be a long liver, and I may have said afterwards that the winning of the Championship would cheer him up, and to that extent do him good, but all the same I wished I had won. Now that is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as witnesses say in the police courts.

The next time that I had a look in at the Championship was at Prestwick in 1893, when Willie Auchterlonie won it with 322, for four rounds. Mr. John E. Laidley, my brother Hugh and I tied for second place, and we two professionals shared the second and third money prizes.

The year before this Mr. Hilton performed the great feat of beating the whole field of amateurs and professionals at Murfield. His score of 305 stood unequalled for years. When Harry Vardon won his first Championship at Muirfield in 1896, after a tie with J. H. Taylor, he took 316.

I can call to mind the Championship of 1879 as if it had happened last year. Jamie Anderson, the winner, was the great gutta-ball golfer who won three Championships in successive years on three different courses and never turned a hair in doing so, or showed signs of being puffed up afterwards. Nothing could put Jamie up or down. He had a grand head on his shoulders and a big heart in his breast.

At the last hole he said to me very quietly, when he laid a pitch of thirty yards two inches from the pin, "Andra, that beats you by a shot." He got a 4 and I missed a four-foot putt and took 5.

"Better luck next time," said Jamie to me. "You have time on your side, Andra. Three Championships runnin' will have to do for me. I hardly expect to add any more."

His words came true. That was the last of his triumphs.

I played a match at St. Andrews that drew the biggest crowd that ever watched golf there or anywhere else up to that time. The papers counted the people at 16,000. This was the last day of my great four-greens battle with Willie Park.

Park won the Championship in 1889 at Musselburgh. I tied with him and we should have played off next day, a Saturday, but as that was the date for the opening of the Braid Hills course, Edinburgh, the officials asked Park and me to put off our match till the Monday.

We played before a large crowd on a cold winter's day. If ever I had a Championship in my pocket, this was the one. It makes me blaze to think of it now, and all that the losing of it meant to me then. There should have been no need for a re-play. Park ought never to have tied with me in the Championship proper.

I finished before him, and he had to get a 3 at the last hole, a bogey 3, to equal my score. I was standing trying to keep the crowd back, but they would not get out of the way. I can see Park now waiting patiently on the tee. The spectators could not control their

excitement. It was like trying to keep back a pack of hounds without a whip. Mounted policemen could not have managed that Musselburgh crowd.

Willie Park being the local professional was naturally the man they wanted to win. I did not blame them for that. But they need not have behaved like bairns.

Park played a full shot with his iron from a tee and the ball dropped among the crowd, hitting a spectator's hat. If the ball had not been stopped by that hat, it would have gone through the railings of the racecourse twenty yards past the pin. I and two gentlemen rushed forward and stood over the ball to keep the excited people off it. Park struck the back of the hold with his second shot, and the crowd started to clap, thinking the ball was in. It lay half an inch from the hole. Park got a three and we tied for the Championship. That was why we had to play off on the Monday.

Leaving the hat incident out of account, I should still have won, but for a piece of rank stupidity on my part at the Foreman's Hole. I missed an inch putt through playing it with one hand.

The marker said to me, " Did you try to putt that shot, Andra ? " I said, " Yes, and if the hole was big enough I'd like to bury myself in it."

On the Monday, when we played off, I won the toss and drove first. The crowd were not on their best behaviour. They booed me for a good shot, as if I'd come there to play bad ones. I laugh at it all now, but it was no laughing matter then. Willie Park expressed his regret to me afterwards. He put up a fine game and beat

me. The Championship was never played at Musselburgh again.

No sooner was Willie Park champion for the second time than he challenged the world. The late Mr. Everard said to me, "I feel like backing you, Andrew." I said, "Thank you, I will play him and begin at Musselburgh if he likes."

This was in 1890, when I was thirty. The stakes were £100 a side, and we played at Musselburgh, Prestwick, Troon and St. Andrews. The Musselburgh crowd still bothered us by their booing.

A curious thing happened. Park asked me to stop the game, as he had a telegram saying that a large number of people were coming from Edinburgh to see us play. We waited half an hour, which caused us to finish almost in the dark. Park beat me by one hole at Musselburgh.

Several times I had to appeal to the crowd for fair play, and said to them at the close, "Bullocks couldna' have behaved much worse. But I'm glad I've been doon to Musselburgh. I'm goin' to win this match as sure as you'll be sorry to hear it. We have still three courses to play on, and I ken that the other crowds will be far bigger and behave far better. They will not boo and interrupt."

They listened to me very shamefacedly, and I thought at the time that my words took effect. The referee said to me at the close, "Thank heaven, Andra, we've finished."

It's very different nowadays, when booing at a golf match would almost be like booing in the kirk.

Prestwick came next. I had a day's practice before

playing Park. I beat him by two holes, leaving me one hole to the good on the first two games of the four. At Troon I beat Park again by two holes. This gave me a lead of three holes, when we came to St. Andrews for the final tussle.

Willie Fernie said to me, "Andra, I'm backing you. I have a good bit of money on you. You can win, and mind you do."

"There's nae doot aboot that, Willie, I'm goin' to win," I said.

Park and I were perfectly friendly all through. The 16,000 people who watched the end of the match at St. Andrews gave us every chance, though a large body of policemen had their work cut out to control the rushes. The hotels of St. Andrews were crowded to the doors, and one landlady said to me afterwards, "They lickit up the food and drink like locusts. I thocht they would eat the walls of my house."

I won by three holes in the first round at St. Andrews, and when we started the final round of the match I was in the strong position of 6 up and 18 to go on my home green. In the first nine holes I added another 2 to my lead, placing victory certain—unless Park could perform a miracle—with 8 up and 9 to go. Halving the tenth and eleventh holes, I beat the champion by 8 up and 7. We walked back with the crowd surging around us. Willie Fernie was there from Troon to see me win a big bet for him.

"Hoo muckle did ye mak', Willie?" I said to him.

"Enough to cover my expenses, Andra," he said.

"Nae doot," I replied, "and pay yer hoose rent for a year into the bargain."

I got a nice share of a hundred pounds, and lots of private gentlemen who had won side bets were "verra mindfu', vera mindfu'."

A Musselburgh man gripped my hand and said: "Ye've wipit the floor wi' a man that's been twice champion. I hope you'll be a champion one day." But it wasn't to be.

These challenge matches are real tests of golf. There are far too many exhibition matches nowadays for the top notchers. The rank and file of the professionals do not get a fair number of chances. There's many a young player to-day who might now and again beat a champion and do himself some good.

Challenge matches are the life of golf. I wouldn't give a button for an exhibition game. Man against man, and pocket against pocket, in deadly earnest is the thing. A 36-hole match I shall never forget was when I beat Braid, who was then Champion, at St. Andrews, in 1901, by a hole. A man always remembers his victories better than his defeats.

Ben Sayers and I played a 72-hole match at Sunningdale and Walton Heath. Lord Riddell, as he is now, offered a prize of £50. The English people seemed to find in us a great diversion, giving us credit for humour we were not aware of.

For instance, when my ball was going straight to a hole at Sunningdale, Ben made a move as if he would like to stop it. I took him by the collar and said, loud enough

for the crowd to hear, "Ye wud hae kickit it oot, wud ye?"

The English folk laughed as if I had said something funny; in fact they laughed on every green, sometimes at my capers and sometimes at Ben's.

Little did they know what Ben and I might have been saying to each other, now and then, with nobody at hand to hear. The grand thing about a solitary match is that when you're well hidden among the hillocks and whins you can say what you like, and how you like, one to the other. Crowds lay a painful restraint on the old game that ill likes it. There are some folk make an awful fuss aboot "sweering'," that are doing things ten times worse every day of their lives.

"Stand oot o' the licht, Ben. There's no' very muckle o' ye, but just enough to get in my eye."

That was a remark I made to Sayers on the fifteenth green at Sunningdale that sent the spectators into fits, so that I had to straighten my back and wait till they'd finished.

I could not help smiling as I looked at them, and Ben says, "Wha's in yer licht noo, Andra?"

"Only my own shadow," says I.

"It takes a clever man to get rid of his shadow," says Ben.

I skied my tee shot at the sixteenth hole, and turning to Sayers, said, "That's a glory hallelujah shot, Ben."

"Dinna mak' the folk laugh, Andra," says Ben, "just as I'm going to drive. It's no' a circus."

"Dinna mak' excuses beforehand," says I. "Naething can put you off."

Sayers made a grand tee shot, and says he, "Ye're quite richt, Andra."

One of the best stories of an old professional is this. Five Americans were touring in this country and came to a famous links. They went to the professional's shop to buy some clubs and balls.

The fifth American stood back and sneered at golf, calling it a "fool of a game." He did not buy clubs, and the professional looked askance at him. The other four played several days and the outsider began to feel lonely.

At last he ventured into the professional's shop when his friends were out on the links and said he thought he had better buy some clubs too.

"Do you know the game?" asked the professional.

"Thoroughly," said the American.

The professional was sure he was bluffing, and sold him two right-handed clubs and two left-handed clubs and an ordinary putter.

The American went over to the teeing ground with the clubs in his oxter (under his arm). Seeing his caddie grinning at the clubs, he said to him, "What are you laughing at, boy?"

"You have twa richt-handed clubs and twa left-handed clubs, sir," said the caddie. "Are you going to play with both hands?"

The American suspecting a practical joke went over

to the "pro" and shouted, "Who the d——l are you making a fool of?"

"Nobody," said the professional. "You take the right-handed clubs for the first nine holes and change over to the left-handed clubs when you turn to come back home."

What the American said to the professional I never knew, and my daughter Mary says it is just as well.

Before being officially appointed professional to St. Andrews, I was for some time private professional to Lord Dudley at Witley Park. Of course I had been at St. Andrews for years before that, but just in the same position as the rest of the professionals that are to be found up here; unattached, that is to say, to the Royal and Ancient Club.

There are always plenty of professionals hanging about the caddies' paddock of the Royal and Ancient Club waiting for games and ready to take up jobs elsewhere. Many now doing well in England and America have belonged to that band at one time or another.

It was through my being at St. Andrews that Lord Dudley gave me an appointment. In the year 1903, on his return from the Boer War, his lordship and Mr. Edward Blackwell got up a team of ten professionals to play for £100 worth of prizes on his own splendid little 9-hole course at Witley Park. The professionals were a famous lot—Harry and Tom Vardon, Willie Fernie, J. H. Taylor, J. Braid, Willie Auchterlonie, Ben Sayers, Sandy Herd, Causey and myself.

The ground was covered with half an inch of snow. We halted for an hour to consider whether we should play,

and as it stopped snowing and the snow showed signs of melting, we played with red balls. I had for a caddie an old soldier who was a handyman on the estate. He wore long curly hair soaked with hair oil. At the close of the game Lord Dudley said to me: "How was it, Andrew, that the snow never seemed to gather on your ball?"

Then I told his lordship that I had my caddie to thank for that. He rubbed the ball among his oily curls before teeing up at each hole and, of course, the snow slipped off the ball."

"A brilliant idea," said his lordship, who told the whole party. Everybody laughed, and Harry Vardon said to me afterwards, "Andra, who put that idea into the caddie's head?"

Ben Sayers said, "Who d'ye suppose, Harry? Andra, of course. Only a Fifer could think of a dodge like that."

I told Lord Dudley another teeing story that day which amused him. I was playing a foursome with Mr. Mansfield Hunter, Major Lumsden and an Alloa brewer. My caddie was named Burnett, a labourer. I got him to carry my clubs as we were short of caddies that day. At one hole my caddie teed up my ball too soon. It was the brewer's honour. Accidentally he hit Burnett on the back with his club and said, "You d——d fool! Didn't you see that I was addressing my ball?"

"Verra sorry," said the caddie, "but if I hadna' been a d——d fool I might have been a gentleman like yourself."

The Alloa brewer foozled his drive, as he well might

after that, and my caddie turned and whispered to me, "Wha's the damned fool, now?"

I remember we had a great discussion after that tournament on the importance of the stance in golf; which brings back to me a story of an Australian who wired from London asking me to book a day for him and get two caddies, as he would like very much to play on the Old Course. I got a good caddie for him. It was a windy day and the Australian could not adapt his stance to the conditions. He was all over the place.

Coming to one tee, he said to his caddie, "What is the line here?" The caddie replied, "It depends, sir, what coorse ye're gaun to play on."

The point of the joke is that St. Andrews' four courses run parallel, and the Australian made free use of several that windy day.

Andra Broon was carrying for a fidgety lady once. She would make him tee up the ball and then alter it two or three times, saying, "No, I think I'll have the ball here—no, here!—no, here!"

Her driving, like that of the Australian, was very erratic, because she stood wrongly. The caddie at last said to her on one tee, "What coorse are ye gaun to play on this time?"

Another outspoken caddie, when asked by a most uncertain player what was the best line to take, caustically replied, "The North British line home, sir, I think."

Golf is a funny game and man's a funny animal. That's what attracts the one to the other. And we couldna' get on without it.

I remember Lord Dudley and his guests were greatly interested in my account of the dog-caddies at St. Andrews.

Newcomers are surprised to see men with dogs moving in and out among the whins. They imagine them to be poachers looking for rabbits. But they are not poachers —unless rabbits come their way. They are caddies looking for balls.

The dog-caddie, or ball-finder, is carefully trained for this job, and he brings a good income to his owner. When I was a young caddie I used to train my dog to find balls, and many a pound I made in this way.

My method of training was to throw a ball on the open ground for about a week every night, and after the dog retrieved it I would pat him on the head and give him a biscuit, to show that I was pleased with what he had done.

If he bit the ball too hard I let him know that he had done wrong, and a good dog likes nothing worse than a frown or a knock from his master. In the long run my dog was able to carry balls as gently as if they had been eggs.

This stage being reached, I might go out at night and throw a ball down and then go past or drop one in a whin unknown to him. I would say, "Seek dead," as if I had shot a bird. He would be sure to scent the balls and bring them to me.

There is a dog in St. Andrews to-day that will stand and bark any length of time in front of a ball which he cannot get at owing to the thickness of the whins.

I have got as many as forty and fifty balls in one day with my dog; and every time he brought a ball I gave

him some reward or another. He expected this, just as a caddie expects his fee.

Sometimes the bunkers lie three feet deep in water, where the balls cannot be seen and the caddies cannot reach to scrape for them. A trained dog will dive in overhead and fetch them out. My black spaniel Rosie was very good at this.

You will often see to-day a black and white collie on the links. His master is a golfer and takes this dog with him. I have sometimes seen the collie dragging his master's clubs short distances.

It is a recognised rule in St. Andrews that any one finding a ball can sell it to any of the club-makers or golfing shop-keepers. Some of the men earn a pound or twenty-five shillings a day recovering balls by the aid of their dogs.

Sunday is a great ball-finding day, especially after a windy Saturday or a windy week. There is very little initialling of balls in St. Andrews. The professional ball-finder sells to the best bidder.

If a player has lost his ball among the whins and any of the dog men are about, they will come across to him and turn their dogs among the gorse. The player is almost certain to have his ball retrieved and, of course, he will give something for it.

If you could be in my house at this moment, you would see me go into the garden in the dark and throw a ball among the bushes. Then you would hear me tell my dog Nero to go and find it, and it would not be long before you would hear Nero scraping at the door with the ball in his mouth. Take it out and there will not be a mark on it.

Nearly all caddies have nicknames, and a good many players unknown to themselves are nicknamed by the caddies.

Some years ago an English caddie turned up at St. Andrews, and of course he had to give up his first fee to the older caddies, who would drink his health with it. How this Englishman blew in to St. Andrews I cannot tell.

He had not been there many days before they found a nickname for him. He stooped badly with lumbago, and walked not unlike a half-shut knife. His name was Smith. What do you think the caddies called him? Just this—"Sit-doon Smith."

There was another, a real fighter, who had his hair cut as short as a barber could cut it. They called him "The clippit cushie," which is Scottish for a cropped pigeon.

Two other funny nicknames were "Trap-door" and "Hole in 's pocket." "Trap-door" pretended to have a short leg and a long one. He wore a boot with a deep sole like a box, roomy enough to hold at least a dozen balls. There was a trap-door in the sole, and when a ball got among the whins or anywhere off the course, he would work it through into his boot, and say he was very sorry he could not find it.

"Hole in 's pocket" got this name because when the player he carried for lost his ball, he would drop one down his trouser leg and say, "Here it is; and no such a bad lie after all."

That would only be when the caddies and players were betting on the match and "Hole in 's pocket" had been promised perhaps a sovereign if his employer won. Otherwise the dropping of balls would have been too costly.

CHAPTER V

THINGS DROLL AND DOUR.

"Bletherskite" and "chatterbox"—The sovereign in the bunker—A "time for sweerin'"—Head-first into the sand—Ben Sayers and his wee mashie—The Indian General and the candid caddie—An amusing "Foursome" in a London restaurant.

GOLFERS are in the habit of telling funny stories about the game, and some stories have been told to me that I used to tell many years ago. There are golf stories that have never been printed, and the best are in no danger of ever being printed.

I have noticed that many of the tales have been altered by the time they have come back to St. Andrews from England and other parts. Just as I have known Scotsmen come back from London very different in appearance; maybe, for instance, wearing tall hats or kid gloves instead of the bonnets and bare hands they went away with.

One golf story—and a good one—returned to its birthplace improved. You have heard of the two dour golfers who played seventeen holes without speaking a word. One of them, who was a hole to the good, turned to his opponent on the eighteenth tee and muttered: "Dormy."

"Chatterbox!" said the other gruffly. The original version was that he said "Bletherskite." That is the Scotch word for "chatterbox," but I must say I like "chatterbox" better. So we'll let it stand.

I suppose no game has so many rules as golf. These have always been made at St. Andrews, and, without counting them, I am sure the general rules of the game run into hundreds with "ifs" and "mays," "whens" and "wheres," "musts" and "shalls," peppered all over them. Added to the main laws are thousands and thousands of "local rules" made by clubs to apply to peculiarities of their own courses.

Some golfers have a mania for enforcing rules. They know those that are least known and most frequently broken by the generality of players. Even in friendly games the sticklers claim holes for infringements they could not have won by play. Long handicap men can hardly be expected to have digested all the rules, and many scratch players could be brought up sharp for breakages.

A good sporting principle in friendly games is not to make an opponent suffer for the breaking of a rule that did not help him. No man wants to win games through the pardonable mistakes of an opponent who would otherwise have beaten him. Certainly in club competitions or tournaments it is different. Then the player who passes over the breaking of a rule, general or local, is as guilty as the law breaker.

As for golfers that deliberately break rules, a crack over the head with the niblick would not be much more than they deserve. It's an awful sin to cheat when nobody's looking.

The Americans are great sticklers, and you will generally find them with a book of rules in their possession ready

to settle any dispute or claim that may turn up. I do not blame them, for it is true enough that rules are made to be obeyed and not broken.

Of course, players who are always on the look out for breaches of the rule must keep a watch over their own doings. Here is a story to the point.

Jock Campbell and Hutchie were two old worthies at Musselburgh. It was in the days of Musselburgh Races, when Irishmen and Americans used to come about the place. Campbell and Hutchie were engaged as caddies in a match between an Irishman and an American. The Yankee said to Hutchie, his caddie, "If I win I'll give you a sovereign."

They were all square and one hole to go. Both balls lay about thirty yards from the hole. Campbell, who caddied for the Irishman, went forward to take out the pin, and on his way he lifted a stone off the ground.

"Lost hole!" shouted the American. "It is against the rules to lift a stone more than twenty yards from the hole. There was an argument, but the American brought out a copy of rules and proved himself to be in the right, much to the disgust of Jock Campbell, the Irishman's caddie.

Turning to Hutchie, the American's caddie, Campbell said in forcible caddie language: "He's a d——d sharp fellow that Yankee, but you've got your sovereign, Hutchie, as my man's beaten. Leave the rest to me. I'll have my own back from Mr. Stars and Stripes before he's finished. There's to be a return match in the afternoon."

The two golfers lunched well, and on coming out to

play their second round, the Irishman said to Jock Campbell, "If I can beat this American fellow this afternoon I'll give you five pounds." Very likely the players had bets on between themselves.

Again it was a close match, and again they stood all square and one hole to go. Jock Campbell was now very anxious about the five pounds promised to him by the Irishman if he won. He was also desperately keen to get even with the Yankee who pulled him up for breaking the rules that morning. There wasn't much time now with only one hole to go.

Both players drove off from the tee and both balls lay in a bunker. Campbell whispered to Hutchie, "What is he givin' ye this time?"

"A sovereign again," says Hutchie, "if he wins."

"I'm getting five pounds, if my man wins," says Campbell to Hutchie. "Let us hurry up to the bunker. Gi'e me the sovereign ye won this mornin' and I'll drop it next to the Yankee's ba'. Ye'll see what he'll do then. He'll pick it up, of course, and I'll be on him like a hawk for brakin' the rules. My man'll be the winner and we'll run halves wi' the money."

Hutchie agreed, and so both caddies were in the same plot.

When the players came up to the bunker, Hutchie said to the American, for whom he was caddying, "You play first, sir."

It all happened as Jock Campbell had planned. The American on going into the bunker to play his shot saw the sovereign lying beside his ball and, forgettin

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ANDRA KIRKALDY'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

A GROUP OF "ANCIENT" CADDIES OUTSIDE THE CADDIES' SHELTER, ST. ANDREWS.

To face p. 92.

the rules, pounced upon the gold piece, quickly picking it up."

"Lost hole!" shouts Jock Campbell. "Touch nothing in a bunker."

The rules were consulted and, of course, the American admitted he was wrong. Everybody knows that.

Campbell said to Hutchie afterwards, when they were dividing the stakes, "I wonder if the Yankee jaloused (suspected) wha put that sovereign in the bunker."

Another Musselburgh story. Only once in my life have I seen a boxing match on a golf course. This was at Musselburgh. Ben Sayers and I were playing in a foursome with two gentlemen. One of them was a heavy-weight amateur boxer, though I did not know this till I saw him use his fists.

On reaching the Foreman's Hole, five coal-miners were coming up from the pits. The amateur boxer was about to drive off, and seeing the miners in the line of fire he shouted "Fore!" several times. The miners took no notice, but still came on straight for the tee. Golf was played on a public common at Musselburgh.

The golfer drove off, telling the miners under his breath to look out for themselves and take their chance. The gutta ball flew off like a bullet and hit one of the miners a crack on the chest. This brought all the lot of them up vowing vengeance, swearing and shaking their fists.

"Why the d——l did ye hit me with that ball!" asked the man who had the best right to be in a bad temper. "Answer me that, sir."

"My dear fellow, I shouted 'Fore,' said the golfer, "to give you warning."

"Was that a' the warning' you could give me?" said the miner. "Then, Five! and take that," landing a blow on the golfer's neck and blackening his white collar.

Before you could say "Jimmy Johnstone," the miner was on his back and his other four mates sprawling beside him, floored as they came on. I was dumbfounded, and never realised till that day the great difference between scientific and brute force fighting. The miners hadn't a ghost of a chance. They got up growling, but left us to get on with the game. I could hardly play for laughing.

In one of the many Scotland *v.* England International matches in which I played, Ben Sayers and I were matched against Robson and Renouf. The crowd got something to laugh at. A predicament arose which made me wish I could play left-handed as well as right-handed. Golfers nowadays often carry left-handed irons to meet such a case. At the sixteenth hole my Scottish partner, Sayers, put his ball in the bunker guarding the green on the left.

I couldn't stand to play the ball with the right hand as it lay close into the bank of the bunker. Our opponents' ball lay in the bunker beyond the green. Sayers and I held a consultation on the position, and before I played Ben ran forward to see exactly how the enemies' ball lay. That is what I like about match-play foursomes—you keep a close watch on the position of the other ball so as to make up your mind what liberties you can, or cannot, afford to take.

While I proceeded to make the best of matters, addressing the ball with a niblick, almost on my knees, outside the bunker, Ben made signs that our opponents' ball was lying as well as balls can lie in a bunker, clear away from the face.

My attempt to "yerk" the ball out failed, as I half thought it would. That wasn't the worst. I overbalanced in making the shot and fell head first into the bunker. Of course everybody laughed, including Ben, though I could see nothing to laugh at and scowled at the giggling gowks. I lost my temper and we lost that hole.

At the next hole Ben put our ball into the railway, where it came to rest close up against a sleeper on the permanent way, provokingly near some stones. I felt rattled, and looking round at the crowd I said to Ben, not caring who heard, "This is a time for sweerin'. Stand back, you wimmen!"

They laughed louder than before. But they stepped back when I called out, "Them stanes will fly."

I beckoned Ben over to show him the shot he had left me to bring off. He was watching through the rails and I said to him, "Ye ken that short-headed wee mashie of yours. Could you let me have it to play the shot?"

"Na, na, Andra," said Ben. "Ye're only wantin' my club for fear o' brakin' you're ain. Play awa', play awa', Andra, and dinna be feart."

While the crowd sniggered I made a mighty heave at the ball. The shot came off wonderful well. I scattered a shower of stones among the crowd and the ball went to

a foot of the green. We won the hole in 4 to 5. The crowd did not jeer this time, but cheered instead.

The opposition ball lay four foot off the pin and Ben had a long putt to halve. His ball shaved the hole and lay two feet beyond. I can see Ben's antics now as his ball rolled on its way. He danced like a jumping jack and did everything but lie down on the green, for a close match was always a very exciting affair to Ben and me.

Motioning to the spectators, Ben said : " Quiet now, it's no' a' over yet."

Robson missed his putt of four feet to our unconcealed delight.

" What did I tell ye ? " said Ben to the crowd as we went to the eighteenth, where a bad putt by me lost us the match.

I never suffered from crowd-fright. The bigger the crowd the better I liked it, so long as the people knew how to behave. Driving down a human avenue forces a man to keep straight.

It always struck me as a thing I could not understand that my golfing improved as a Championship went on and the spectators increased. My last round was always the best of the four.

Mr. Harold Hilton—the only amateur that ever won the Open Championship twice—remarked on this to me in the last round at Sandwich, and he laughed when I said, " If they would keep it goin' for a week I'd win it. I'm just beginnin' to play golf."

In an earlier round Mr. Hilton took pity on my poor putting. " Eh, mon," I said, " I feel ower strong to putt."

That was not yesterday. I am not feeling so strong now, with the rheumatics pulling me up with a crunch every now and then. Yet some years ago, I remember well, it used to be said that approach putting was the deadliest part of my game, and that I was the best golfer that "never" won a Championship.

And never will now! He did not add that. But I do. Never mind. It's something to have been runner-up thrice and to have tied once, even if I was beaten on the re-play. And it was something to have taken up Taylor's challenge to the world when he was Champion, and to have beaten him. That was about a quarter of a century ago, when the professionals did not speak of me as "Auld Andra."

Golf is a game that often needs more than polite language to relieve a man's feelings. Not long after the Braid Hills course at Edinburgh was opened, four of us professionals went to give it a send-off. After the day's golf the officials of the club asked the "pros" what they thought of the course. This is usually done, and it is easy to fall into the bad habit of saying pleasant things so as to give no offence.

I was there that day and had not formed a good opinion of the Braid Hills. Very likely I had played badly. I don't remember now. As I joined the company, the captain came forward to me and said: "Well, Andra, your brother professionals have formed a very high opinion of the course. Have you?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "a very high opinion. So high that I think it's a course better fitted for goats than men.

My legs and back winna be richt for a week after sae muckle climbin'."

The outspokenness and ready wit of the "ancient" caddies is shown in a story that's true to the letter. An old Indian general, whose manners were rather crusty and whose faculties were not so good as they had been, said to his caddie, seeing him staggering and trembling as he stooped to tee the ball, "You are the worse for drink, my man."

"Quite true," said the caddie, cross at being plainly spoken to. "I'm drunk and I'll get better; but you're daft and you'll never get better."

The late Rev. W. W. Tulloch said to me one day, "Do you remember the painted lady, Andrew?" I had forgotten, till he brought back to my mind a match Mr. Tulloch and old Tom Morris played against Willie Stewart and me. We were passing the ladies' links and I noticed a very bonnie woman that tried to make herself look bonnier with paint and powder—a thing I hate to see.

Turning to Mr. Tulloch, I said, "Eh! Doctor, she's bonnie, but a shower o' rain would mak' an awfu' hash of her. Beauty like that's no' even skin deep. If a wife o' mine tried sich tricks wi' her face, I'd be goin' for a long walk and forgettin' the road hame."

Mr. Tulloch said he repeated my remarks to the lady, and I was sorry he did that. But she just laughed and said, "Andra's quite right. It's a silly habit."

They used to call Ben Sayers and me the Lang and the Short, the Broad and the Thin. Ben is about as many

inches shorter as he is stones lighter than I am. As partners in foursomes we were seldom beaten. I had always plenty of faith in Ben when we were partnered in two-ball foursomes, before that monstrosity the four-ball foursome had been thought of.

On one occasion Ben was clean out of sight in a deep bunker, while I waited to see the ball hop over the top. Somebody said to me: "What's Sayers doing?" I just replied, "Dinna fash yer heid. You may be sure he's no' wastin' his time."

I suppose it's no more than the truth to say that I am well known over the golfing world. But there's one place that's seemingly never heard of me. I mean the office of a society paper up in London. After an autumn Medal Meeting at St. Andrews, Lord Kinross and I were photographed as we stood chatting. The society paper came out with the picture, and printed under it: "Mr. Andrews [that's me] is the Provost of Kirkcaldy and, like most of his countrymen, a keen golfer."

Now that shows most terrible ignorance, especially in a paper. St. Andrews has laughed ever since. Just as if I ever wanted to be a Provost!

The town of Kirkcaldy often gets mixed up with me in spelling. There is no "c" in my name—K-i-r-k-a-l-d-y. I'm not a toon, I'm a golfer.

A bunch of young girls from one of the St. Andrews schools crowded round me in front of the club-house, pushing note-books and pencils into my hand, wanting my autograph.

"Och! I said to them, write it yersels. That'll do

just as well, but be sure ye dinna spell it like the Linoleum Toon."

They said it would not be an autograph if they wrote it, and then I just brainged away with the lasses runnin' after me.

People who make fun of men and things need to be careful not to give offence. A noted English player mimicked the St. Andrews swing so badly that I said to him, when he asked my opinion, "Well, sir, it's just like a rattlesnake." I always wish I had not said that, for the golfer was known as "The Rattlesnake" long afterwards. But maybe he had himself to blame.

James Braid, the great champion professional of Walton Heath, where Mr. Lloyd George plays—forgettin' the cares o' State—is the most powerful golfer in the world. Only the other day Jimmy wrote me to say that Mr. Tolley, the Amateur Champion of 1920, and another great Oxford golfer, were coming to St. Andrews, and he suggested that I should play their best ball. I tried it—and that's all I'm going to say about it.

Mr. Tolley will be a still greater golfer when he straightens his long drives. He is a big hitter, but no longer than the late Freddie Tate, whose drives with the gutta ball were measured. Freddie was one of the three greatest amateurs that ever played the game. The other two are Mr. John Ball and Mr. Hilton.

I should like to say here that Mr. Gardner, the American, who was runner-up to Mr. Tolley in the Amateur Championship, impressed me as a by-ordinary fine golfer. He

has a bagful of shots and plays the whole game with ease and brains.

When Herd and I were in America, I played with an amateur who gripped the club with his left hand down the shaft under the right hand—as lassies usually take hold of the club for the first time. But that American played a clinking game. I gave him four strokes, and just scrambled home in front of him.

"What do you think of my grip?" he asked me afterwards.

"D——d madness!" I said. "I'd as soon think of playing golf on my heid or with my legs crossed."

The American laughed and drawled: "Guess, Kirkaldy, I do nothing like anybody else. It's my only chance in life. I pay for everything before I get it, dine in the morning and breakfast at night. You notice that I paid you my bet on this match before I lost it."

I thought the man was daft, but he must have had brains to play golf as he did. He challenged me to another round, I to adopt his grip and he to adopt mine.

"No, sir," I said, "There's nae fools come frae Fife."

I think I could tell funny golf stories till further orders, but I am always afraid that jokes which are so old to me cannot be new to the rest of the world, and yet my stories mostly date back to a period when golf was played by the few instead of by the many, as it is to-day.

Sometimes the stories come helter-skelter through my memory faster than I can catch up with them. I never kept a scrap-book in my life, but members of my family have now and then clipped bits from the papers about me.

Except for this, I have had to trust to my memory, and I suppose the jokes a man forgets are hardly worth remembering. It is the best ones that stick.

A writer of books at St. Andrews once got me on telling him tales as we walked along the shore. Seeing me trying hard to think of some that were, as we say, on the tip of my tongue, he said: "Leave them alone, Andrew, and they'll come home of their own accord. One story brings to mind another. They're all in your head waiting their turn."

So we walked on, and very soon the stories began to troop out from their hiding places in a most wonderful way, till I found myself laughing at them. It was just like a meeting of old friends after long years. They say a man should not laugh at his own jokes, but that's all fiddlesticks. Some of the best jokes I have ever heard have been told when the tellers were splitting their sides with laughing. For my part, I like to test a funny story on myself first. If it "garrs" me laugh, I think I can pass it on to my friends.

Half the fun of a story depends on the listener; whether he can see a joke and whether he is in the mood to hear it. Here is one that dates back to my early professional days. Four of us—Ben Sayers, Davie Grant, my brother Hugh and myself—had an amusing adventure in London. We had all been playing in the Championship at Sandwich, and came up to see the great Metropolis. We wandered here, there and everywhere about the West End and then became hungry and began to look about for an "eating-house." I suppose we were then in Piccadilly or Regent Street, and restaurants were not hard to find.

The only thing that bothered us was the cost of a supper, for it was evening and we were just whiling away an hour or two before taking the train for Scotland. Pointing at a flashy-looking place, Sayers said, "Let us go in here."

Hugh was all for it, but Davie Grant and I held back and said we could get what we wanted for tenpence or a shilling.

"They'll mak' ye pay through the nose in that braw place," I said.

Ben Sayers and Hugh were so much taken by the look of the restaurant that they offered to pay half of what the supper might cost Grant and me. As that seemed fair we agreed to risk it. Waiters came and helped us off with our hats and overcoats, as if we had been "dooks."

A string band was playing fancy music on a platform. Finely dressed women and men were chatting and eating and drinking. It was only when the fiddlers stopped that folk noticed they had been playing. Then they clapped so that the fiddlers shouldna' hear them. Bottles of wine stood on every table, and Davie Grant said to me—I mind it weel—"Andra, ye dinna see a sicht like that in St. Andrews. It dazzles my verra een. Them's bonnie wimmen, but the men look poor things."

"They'll mak' us pay for coming here," I said. "It'll cost us a bonnie penny afore we get out."

In fact, I wanted to make for the door there and then, but the others stopped me. We had a kind of a struggle, but at last we all settled down. The bill of fare was printed in a language none of us could read—a daft-like thing it seemed to me—and we had to let the waiter

bring what he liked. We had three or four courses. It was more like picking than eating—a small piece of ham, some pieces of chicken, a cup of coffee and a slice of bread. Then came the thunderbolt I had been waiting for—7s. 6d. each!

"All on one bill?" said the waiter.

"Yes, that'll do," said Sayers.

It came to thirty shillings. "Just aboot the single journey to St. Andrews," said I.

"Give me three shillings, Davie," said Sayers to Grant, "and I'll pay for your supper.

"No," said Davie, "I'll gie ye a shillin'!"

Hugh said the same to me, and I made the same reply as Davie. "It'll be a lesson to you to keep out of such places," said I.

Sayers and Hugh managed it between them, but they were not very pleased with Grant and me. We made things better afterwards.

As the waiter was helping Davie Grant on with his coat and hat and brushing him down like a flunkey, noticing that no tips had been left on the table, he said: "Don't forget the waiter, please."

Davie turned on him with the most solemn look I ever saw on a man's face and said: "Forget ye! I'll never forget ye till my dyin' day; and what's mair, I'll never forgi'e ye."

I roared with laughter all the way out to the street. We were very ignorant of the ways of the world, back in the early nineties. It's astonishing how money melts in London. Years after that I took my wife with me to

a golf tournament in the South of England. We ran up to London to see the sights. When we had been driving some time in a cab, I called to the driver, "How much is that now?" "Seven and six," he said. "Then we'll get out here," said I, "no matter where it is."

Caddie humour is sometimes hard to understand or account for. It may be blurted out in such a way as to leave you wondering whether the caddie had taken leave of his senses.

For example, an old member of the Royal and Ancient looked in vain for his caddie on the first tee after lunch. He always treated him well and was very cross at being kept waiting. At last the caddie rolled up, carrying the clubs with difficulty.

"You've been drinking," said the golfer. The caddie denied it and dropped the clubs on the ground, at the same time emptying the balls out of his pocket. He was walking away, looking injured, when the golfer called out to him, "Aren't you going to carry my clubs?"

"If you were driving through hell in a glass carriage wi a' the windows broken, I wudna carry for ye," was the lurid reply. The caddie's only idea must have been just to let go a good mouthful of words whether they meant anything or nothing.

On another occasion a caddie so often failed to find the balls that the clergyman he was caddying for said to him, "Donald, I'll have to guide you to them."

"Na, na," said the caddie, "I ha'e only one guide and that's God above."

This rather startling utterance was specially delivered

for the clergyman's benefit, though what benefit he could get from it I cannot tell.

The old bridge across the Swilcan Burn makes visitors stop and wonder what age it is. I always say it must be a thousand years old at least. It looks it, too. The stones on the parapet are held together with iron bands and the top ones are smoothed and scooped as if folk used to sit on them before golf came to St. Andrews.

Four Americans sauntered up to the auld brig one day with "pop-lanterns" to photograph it. I was standing by, watching them and listening to the things they said. Americans make themselves at home everywhere. They like to poke fun at old things.

After photographing the bridge from all sides, and under it as well, one said, "Jack, how old will she be?"

"As old as Cæsar," said the other.

"Built by the Romans, I should say. But I can't see no birthday date on it."

"Worn off by the caddies sitting on it, I suppose," said one of the foursome.

Another Swilcan story. Bob Chisholm, a seventy-year-old caddie, was carrying for a clergyman, called Brown, from the west country. The Swilcan was flooded and the clergyman played his second shot into the middle of the burn. "Ah, he's a drooned sailor," said Bob Chisholm, "we'll no' see him any more. He's away to the sharks."

"Don't talk nonsense. There are no sharks in the burn," said the clergyman. "Maybe no," said the caddie, "but the stream will take them out to the bay."

"Do you mean to say that sharks eat golf-balls!" asked the clergyman.

"I do," said the caddie. "Man, they will eat the verra boots off drooned sailors, never mind gowf-ba's."

Seeing the clergyman still unbelieving, Chisholm said, "I'll prove it. I was at the herrin' fishin' at Peterhead. We got a' oor nets destroyed by the sharks and we happened to catch yin in the net and we took him ashore. When we cut him up, what do you think we got there? A sea-boot! as sure as I'm a leavin' sowl."

Chisholm called a brother caddie up, to support his statement. This was no other than the famous Donald Blue. He told him what he had been saying, and Donald backed him up. The clergyman apologised and gave Chisholm a shilling—no more than he expected, and less than he could have been doing with.

I have been a caddie and know all about tipping. It must be remembered that golf in St. Andrews goes very slowly for the caddies in the stormy winter months, and when the May and September meetings are on they expect to "put by" a bit.

A visitor at one of these times gave the caddie his fee and then said, "Here's twopence to yourself."

"Are ye sure ye can spare it, sir?" said the caddie, "because I'll no' muckle miss it."

Caddies need stout hearts to shiver all day, perhaps for a week, about the links without a job. The old skipper, when asked by an occasional patron whether caddying was brisk replied, "No, sir, verra bad! I'm

just thinkin' o' buyin' a lookin'-glass to watch mysel' starvin'."

One of the keenest and shortest games I ever saw was a four-ball foursome played by very "ancient" caddies, each of them round about sixty years of age. Some gentleman said to the four caddies, "There's a sovereign each to play for."

An old skipper was appointed referee and stake-holder. The game had not gone further than the third green when the caddies fell out and nearly came to "fechting." Their four balls were lying about the same distance from the pin and they could not agree who should play first. High words and hot ones began to fly about when at last the old skipper said to one of the four, "Gi'e me your driver to measure the distances."

With that he swung the club round his head and cleared the green of the balls, driving the lot of them in all directions among the whins. "Now go and measure them for yourselves and see who plays," says the referee.

The dumbfounded caddies burst out laughing and none of them went to look for the balls. They followed the skipper, who still held the stakes, into the Links Hotel and melted the sovereigns among the five of them.

I met one of the caddies next day and told him he did not look well. "No," he said, "I got a cold last night through drinkin' oot o' a wet glass. By gracious! By goodness! By G——d! It's true, Andra!"

CHAPTER VI

COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

I am summoned for carrying clubs without a licence—I defend myself, and the case falls through—Amusing cross-examination which causes laughter in court—"The King of Ireland"—Last days of Old Tom Morris—The greatest funeral that ever passed through St. Andrews.

MY story darts about from date to date like a dragon-fly in the meadows, and I now come to the time when caddies were first licensed to carry clubs at St. Andrews. The new broom soon began to sweep very clean. Any boy seen carrying on the links would be brought to the scratch if he could not show his badge, just like a cabman in Glasgow or Edinburgh.

There was nothing of this sort when Sandy Herd and I were young. We just played truant when we wanted to earn ninepence or a shilling by carrying a bag of sticks for the gentlemen. There used to be an old rhyme that ran like this:

> Gowffing a' the day,
> Daein' nae wark ava,
> Rinnin' aboot wi' a bag o' sticks
> After a wee bit ba'.

Herd is about eight years younger than I am. The 8th of March, 1921, when my editor and I had our

photographs taken on the auld brig that crosses the Swilcan Burn, was my sixty-first birthday. So that I have now nine to go for three-score-and-ten.

Sandy often used to caddie for me when I had come out as a professional and he had hardly got the length of possessing anything in the shape of a golf-club better than a "shintie" stick, cut from the woods for knocking corks about between Bell Street and the "wee windie," making lamp-posts serve for holes.

The wee "Herd Laddie," as I used to call him, was a very "gleg" caddie, and it was not long till he began to show signs of the gift of golf that was in him.

Well, in course of time there were complaints about caddying being bad for a boy's education. It was certainly very bad for mine. The new bye-laws, like lots of other good things in golf, came too late for me.

This was the reason for the "Licensing Act," as you might call it, and that is why you see so few young boys carrying clubs at St. Andrews now. Some of them are old enough to be my father, and I'm getting on.

In England it is different; or it was different when I was there last. I have seen crowds of mere bairns—called "nippers" in London, though "nippers" means pliers in Scotland—gathering like birds round the professional's shed on week-days and Sundays, waiting for the arrival of the golfers.

It looked as if nobody, parents or golfers, cared whether or not the youngsters went to day-school, Sunday-school or kirk. That's one thing about St. Andrews we have

no reason to be ashamed of—golf is forbidden on Sundays. I am not as bigoted as John Knox, who knocked down St. Andrews Cathedral, but I can honestly say that a day off the links once in seven has always been a welcome rest. The religious side of the question is not for me to discuss, as I am well known for my love of the fields and the fresh air with my spaniel, Nero, at my heels.

At the time I'm speaking about, Lord Dudley was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and he very often had me to play with him. I suppose it was quite right to call him "His Excellency," though I am not much up in such things. He wired to me from London, saying he was coming to St. Andrews, and asking me to give him some games. I was only too pleased, for Lord Dudley was a grand master.

I got a licensed caddie for him and me. After a day or two his lordship was joined by some friends, and he said he would like me to caddie for him, as he was not much taken with the caddie I got for him.

He gave me a sovereign to pay him off in full, and the caddie was quite pleased, like the rest of us, to get money without having to work for it.

Then all the fat was in the fire. There never was such a fuss and fizzle about nothing. I went to the caddie-master, Mr. Alec Taylor, and says I, "Lord Dudley wants me to carry his clubs."

The caddie-master said: "If you carry the clubs, you will be took up to the coort and fined, because you have not any licence as a caddie."

"Gae awa'," says I, "I'm going to carry his lordship's clubs, and you and your bye-laws can do your worst."

"I'll report ye," said the caddie-master. "Your trouble be on your own head, Andra!"

Next morning a policeman made his appearance near the teeing ground. The man in blue said: "Are you going to carry for Lord Dudley?"

"That I am," says I, "at a' risks. He's my master."

The policeman said: "Well, you'll be taken up, because you are not licensed as a caddie, although you're a professional gowffer."

"Dinna talk such balderdash tae me," says I. "There's Lord Dudley over there. Why don't you speak to him about it? A policeman needna be feart tae do his duty. Do you know who Lord Dudley is? He's the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. That's like being the King of Ireland. If you have any complaint, go over and tell him."

The policeman said, "I'll watch that," or something of the sort. Anyway he did not go over to Lord Dudley, and I marched away with his lordship's clubs on my shoulder as an unlicensed caddie, telling him nothing about what the policeman said.

A week later I got a summons to appear at the court, charged with carrying clubs for hire without a licence. Never in my life did I feel more affronted. Fancy a professional golfer being disgraced in that way. I tell you it went against the grain to obey that summons.

But what else could I do? I could not run away and have judgment against me for not turning up. The

court was crowded as if it had been a murder trial, instead of only being a test case about caddying.

When the Fiscal read out the charge, the Bailie—that is the presiding magistrate—looked over at me as I sat there scowling in the dock, and he says, "Andrew, what have you to say to this charge? Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, of course," says I. "What wrang have I done?"

The caddie-master then came into the witness-box and swore that I carried clubs on such and such a date for hire without the badge that caddies were now required to wear. He also told the court that I had been properly warned and that I committed the offence with my eyes wide open. Just as if I would carry clubs with my eyes shut.

It looked as if I had not a leg to stand on. But I let the court know something different before I was done with them. Mr. Taylor was leaving the building when I hollered to him: "Here, Mr. Taylor, just a word with you. It's my turn now. This is a court of justice, and there's never any justice about a one-sided story. I want the court to let me ask you some questions."

"No, no, no," said one of the three or four magistrates on the Bench.

"Yes, yes, yes," says I. "There's nobody here to defend me but myself, and I claim the right to do so."

The Fiscal agreed that I had a perfect right to question the witness. "But your questions must be proper ones, Andrew," he said.

"They'll be proper enough and to the point," I said. "I'm not going to waste the time of the court either."

The caddie-master was put back in the box, and says I to him, "You are the caddie-master at St. Andrews, are you not, Mr. Taylor?"

"I suppose so," says he.

"That's no answer," says I. "My question was a proper one and I want a proper answer." The Fiscal bore me out.

"Yes," says Mr. Taylor, "I am the caddie-master."

"Right!" says I. "Now will you tell the court whether you saw Lord Dudley take out a ticket for me?"

"I did not," said the caddie-master.

"You say I was caddying for hire," says I. "Did you see Lord Dudley pay me?"

"I did not," says the caddie-master.

"Then what's this case all about," says I, sitting down in a fine temper.

"Tut, tut," says the Bailie. "There is no case at all. Go away, Andrew."

"Not just yet," says I. "Let me say this. Lord Dudley is like the King in Ireland. Now suppose the very King of England was to wire me to caddie for him at St. Andrews, would you be bringing me up here, at my time of life, with all my experience as a professional golfer, to charge me with breaking the law because I didna lower my dignity by taking out a caddie's licence for the job?"

The court just laughed and the folk at the back clapped their hands and rummaged with their feet. I'm telling

you it was a great morning in St. Andrews, and everybody I met for days laughed to me. I had a letter from Lord Dudley, in which he jokingly said, "Andrew, you beat them by a few holes that time."

On the way home an old friend who had been at the court came across the street to me, and says he:

"Man, Andrew, you've mista'en your calling. You ocht to have been a lawyer. That was a grand cross-examination of yours."

"Did ye think so?" said I.

"That I did," said he, "and I am sure the Fiscal was of the same opeenyun."

"I just gaed to the point by the shortest cut," said I.

"Not a word was wasted," said he. "But, Andra, atween you and me, did you caddie for a fee that time?"

"Good day," says I. "I'm muckle obleeged to you. Did you never try caddyin' for the good of your health?"

Well I remember how Old Tom Morris liked to get me on telling this story of my police-court adventure.

There never was a gentler man than Old Tom Morris, who was for thirty years green-keeper to the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews. I knew him well and I could not tell the story of my golfing career without paying a heartfelt tribute to his memory.

He was a kind old man, and would always put his hand in his pocket to help any poor person. He was a good friend to all the caddies in hard times, when there was little caddying to be done. Many a five shillings he gave them; and would say to them, "Now, gang awa and get meat. Don't drink the little I've been able to gi'e ye."

I was on the way to the links on the Sunday afternoon in May 1908 when I heard of his death. He fell down a stair in the New Golf Club, and I don't think he was ever conscious after the fall. He was in his eighty-seventh year.

Many a match we played together, and he was always giving me good advice in my younger days. At any tournaments we went to, he would go round among the young professionals and say, "Now, boys, mind you play your best game the day and dinna let the auld anes beat ye."

I remember the time when a testimonial was got up for Old Tom and they collected a lot of money from clubs all over the country. He well deserved it, for he was a great figure in golf. I never knew his equal in the professional world as a good type of a Scotsman.

A fine golfer in his day, he was rather bad at short putts, and he would say when he missed one about a foot and a half, "Man, Andra, I schlaffed it," laughing as he said it.

Tom was an elder in the Toon Kirk of St. Andrews. None was more regular in attendance twice every Sunday. He used to hand round the bag for the collections. Once a well-known preacher, the Rev. Mr. Proudfoot, of Haddington—one of the best golfers among the St. Andrews students of his day—preached a sermon which Old Tom liked so much that he waited on the minister in the vestry afterwards, and said to him, "Mr. Proudfoot, you were a good golfer in your young days and that was a very grand sermon of yours that I had the pleezure o'

THE LATE TOM MORRIS IN HIS CHAIR AT THE NEW GOLF CLUB, ST. ANDREWS.

Specially sketched on his 85th birthday.

To face p. 116.

listening to to-day. You didna miss mony short putts. It went stracht to ma heart."

I mind a verse of David Loudon's about Tom, something like this:

> Long be ye spared to start the players,
> Upon oor Medal Days;
> Lang gang to join in Town Kirk prayers
> And hymn your Maker's praise.

Old Tom was a good player when I was a boy, and very proud of his son Tommy. When young Tommy went first of all to play for the Belt at Musselburgh, old Willie Park said, "What are you doing, fetching this boy here?"

"Ah! ye'll ken a' aboot it when ye're finished," said Old Tom.

He took a great interest in all weathers in the last green. Tom always believed in going about with a handful of sand, filling up the cups—the little holes and bare places. He used to do what I now do after him—stand at the last green on Medal Days to take out the flag and signal to the coastguard, for the firing of the gun, after the last couple had come in.

When the players would pass remarks about the sand making their putts difficult, Tom would say, "Ah, tut, tut, sand's the life of the greens. It is just like a man getting a good diet of meat. The greens always want to be fed, and so do we want to be fed when we are hungry."

Players could do nothing but laugh, knowing well that Tom was a good servant.

On summer nights he would sit at his shop door, which faced the last green, smoking his pipe, and all sorts of people, simple and gentle, used to come forward and crack with him. His black and tan collie, Silver, sat beside him. Tom had always a smile on his face. I never saw him angry at golf or anywhere else.

Now that is what I call a thorough, good-living man. I can safely say that Old Tom never hurt anybody in one way or another, and never had a bad word to say about any one.

Two years before he died, Mr. James Lessells, Art Master at the Madras College, St. Andrews, made a drawing of Old Tom seated in his accustomed chair at the New Golf Club. It was the Grand Old Man's eighty-fifth birthday. Mr. Lessells very kindly lent me the picture for this book. It is the only drawing I have ever seen showing Old Tom with his cap off. What a grand head he had! and what a fine head of hair!

Mr. Lessells told me a story that Old Tom told him. It was about the visit he paid to the late Sir George Reid, President of the Royal Scottish Academy. The great painter had Tom to stay at his house in Edinburgh, while he did a portrait of him. Sir George was most anxious that Tom should suffer no harm by the journey.

"He was a kindly man," said Tom. "When I went upstairs to bed at night Sir George said he hoped I would be comfy and was much concerned about my having plenty blankets. One night after I had got into bed, Sir George tapped at the door and said, 'Here, Tom, I have brought you a nice warm toddy.' It was a kindly

thocht," said Tom, adding, "Sir George had a blanket on his arm."

Maybe a man is known by the funeral he gets. Tom's was the biggest funeral I ever saw in St. Andrews. The whole of South Street, from the Port to the Cathedral, was a cloud of people, and there were many wet eyes among us, for Old Tom was beloved by everybody. Shopkeepers shut their shops and every house had drawn blinds. The coffin was followed by Professors of the University, members of the Royal and Ancient and of other golf clubs from far and near. Old caddies came too. I helped to carry the coffin from the Cathedral gates to the grave. The Earl of Stair, who was Captain that year, was one of the pall-bearers. The green-keeper carried the silver club and balls. Sandy Herd and his wife came all the way from Huddersfield to pay their respects to Old Tom's memory.

Flags flew at half-mast. The greens were deserted. Not a golf-ball was struck on the links that day, except in the very early morning.

It was a sad day in St. Andrews. School children got a holiday to see Old Tom pass to his everlasting rest in the Cathedral burial-grounds beside his son, Young Tommy, and not far from the grave of the golfing cronie of his youth, Allan Robertson, the feather-ball Champion of Scotland.

It was said of Allan when he died in 1859, "They may toll the bells and shut up the shops at St. Andrews, for their greatest is gone." The same words could well have been spoken of Old Tom Morris sixty years afterwards.

CHAPTER VII

"YOUNG TOMMY" AND "J. H."

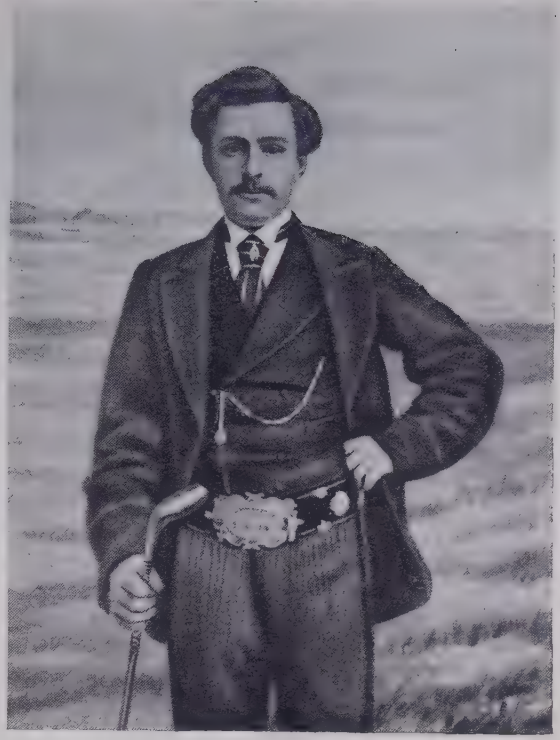
Monument to a golfer in a cathedral—Young Tommy, the boy marvel of St. Andrews—First money match with J. H. Taylor—The historic run-up approach at the seventeenth—The "lockit" door—An eclectic score of 43—Tom Kidd, the dandy professional.

I AM often asked who was the greatest golfer I have known, and my answer is always the same—Young Tommy Morris, son of Old Tom, the father of all us professionals. The younger generation of golfers shake their heads and say, "Surely, Andra, he could not have beaten Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor, James Braid, Sandy Herd, Abe Mitchell, or George Duncan."

My reply is that I have seen all the cracks and beaten most of them at odd times, but Young Tommy had the gift of golf like no man I ever knew. It is my honest opinion that he was just a golf genius. I hardly ever saw him off his game, in any branch of it. His consistency was most astonishing.

Young Tommy died before any of these present-day champions had handled a club. There is a monument to his memory in the burial-ground of St. Andrews Cathedral; that grand old ruin, which was knocked to pieces by John Knox for no good reason that I can think of.

A memorial in a kirkyard to a golfer! Sixty golfing



YOUNG TOMMY WEARING THE CHAMPIONSHIP BELT.

THE TOMMY MORRIS MEMORIAL IN THE BURIAL GROUND OF ST. ANDREWS CATHEDRAL.

To face p. 120.

clubs subscribed to Tommy's statue. I remember all about it. I was fifteen years old when death took Tommy away on Christmas Day 1875. We all felt under a cloud. He was only twenty-four, and his young wife and child died before him. He never got over that blow. It broke his heart.

The inscription on Tommy's monument was written by the late Principal Tulloch. It reads like this :—

Deeply regretted by numerous friends and all golfers, he thrice won the Champion Belt, and held it without rivalry, and yet without envy, his many amiable qualities being no less acknowledged than his golfing achievements.

I could go on for hours, telling of Tommy's triumphs and singing his praise, for we were all his worshippers. He won the Open Championship in four successive years —1868–9–70 and 72. Owing to some hitch no Championship was played in 1871. In those days the Championship always took place at Prestwick. Until 1870 the professionals played for the Champion Belt.

This trophy was given by the Prestwick Golf Club, to be competed for annually on the Prestwick Links. It was over thirty-six holes, and the player who won it thrice in succession claimed it as his own. Young Tommy was the only man (or boy, as he really was) to gain possession of it. You can see pictures of him all over St. Andrews, wearing the belt.

His father, Old Tom, won the Challenge Belt four times, but not in successive years. Old Willie Park, of Musselburg, won it three times, with intervals of years between.

In 1872 St. Andrews, Musselburgh and Prestwick clubs combined to give an Open Championship Cup, and Young Tommy was the first to win it. This is the Open Championship as it now exists, except that the cup cannot be won outright by three successive victories, as in the case of the belt. Alterations have also been made regarding the Championship courses.

Twenty years or so after Young Tommy's death, J. H. Taylor succeeded him as the boy marvel of the golfing world. I suppose I am nearly ten years older than Taylor, and on the strength of that I may be allowed to put my hand on his shoulder, and say, "Man, but you have a great career behind you, not only as regards your performances as a golfer, but in respect of the great work you have done for your brother professionals.

"You have only to look around you to see the good you've done. The whole army of professional golfers in this country, France and America, salutes you as the best friend and general they ever had. It is you they have to thank for their position to-day in the golfing world; and it is you they do thank. You have in you, J. H., all the qualities of a great organiser and leader. We all like you, Taylor, and I only wish we'd had such a man to look after our interests in my young days.

"If you have done well for yourself, you have richly deserved it all, for you have done well for your comrades at the same time. They owe you more than they know. Take this vote of thanks from me, away up here, attached to the 'head-quarters staff' in the neuk of Fife, and not going far afield nowadays."

The first time I met John Henry Taylor was at Westward Ho! in 1889, five years before he won his first Championship, and we've been the best of friends ever since. I was about at the top of my form in those days, and Taylor was at the start of his great career. I had just tied with young Willie Park for the Championship at Musselburgh. Taylor, I remember, was slightly built then, a fair-haired, pale young man of quiet manner—hardly, I should think, aware of the golf that was in him.

I went to Winchester as professional for a six months' engagement in 1891. There I met and played Taylor, whose green was close at hand. We played home and home matches. Our first money match was for £12 a side, and he beat me 3 up and 2 to go.

That was the first game Taylor ever played for a stake, so he may be said to have started a winner. I was so struck by his play that I told him he would be a champion one day.

"Do you really mean it, Andrew?" he said.

"Mean it!" I said. "I do that. It's as sure's death, laddie, as sure's my name's what ye ken it to be."

Years after that Taylor paid me the compliment of writing about me in a publication, like this:—

Andrew Kirkaldy was then at the zenith of his fame. He had only just beaten Willie Park, junr., in their great match for a £100 a side, and he gave me every possible encouragement to persevere. I have no pleasanter memories than of that first match, and I honestly think that Andrew's words had a great and permanent effect on me. Probably Andrew never understood or appreciated what he did for me on the occasion of that match.

Aye, aye, Taylor, and what would we not give to put back the clock thirty years and play the same match again!

From that day I could see that Taylor was out for scalps to his belt. He seemed to be studying the game, and even making experiments during our matches, like a man looking forward to bigger things and prepared to take risks while practising to make himself better. We had not very long to wait till the whole golfing world spoke of him truly enough as the "greatest golfer since Young Tommy Morris's day."

On my return to St. Andrews they chaffed me, saying, "Why did you let a young man like Taylor beat you, Andrew?"

"You will see more of Taylor," I replied, "and then you'll know why he beat me, and why he will beat all the best of the day." There's many an unknown man just waits for his chance. Taylor was one of those. "He's going to be the greatest golfer of the day, mark my words," I told the St. Andrews golfers.

Taylor won the Championship in 1894 at Sandwich. A newspaper man asked me what I thought of him. "The laddie's a machine," I said. "He can dae naething wrang." Next year the Open Championship was played at St. Andrews, and again he won, in a score of 326 for four rounds.

This was one of the greatest weeks in my life. We were all here at St. Andrews for the Championship, and some days before Taylor issued a challenge to play any professional a thirty-six holes match round the Old Course.

Nothing was said for a day or two, my only fear was that somebody would jump in before me. The only trouble was getting £50—a heap of money to me at any time, but especially at that time. An Edinburgh gentleman offered to put up the money. I told him it would very likely be my last hope of ever beating Taylor, as he was sure to get steadily better.

"Forget about the £50," said my backer. "That's my affair, and the losing of it matters not. Go at him and win, Sam, for the glory of the thing and for Auld Scotland's sake."

Why did he call me "Sam," and why am I often called "Sam" in St. Andrews to this day? No man knows, and I least of all. "Sam's" a mystery, except that everybody that's anybody gets some sort of nickname in Fife, and I ought to be thankful that mine's no worse, as it might very well have been.

Well, I went to Taylor and told him that I'd play him the next day. That was two days before the Championship.

"All right, Andrew," he said, "we will go and get things settled, may the best man win." A gentleman from London backed Taylor. So it was an international match, both as regards players and backers.

All my brother professionals moaned over my chance. Not one of them had a shilling on me. "Taylor will beat you, Andra, as sure as there's wild duck in the bay," was what I had to listen to till I got tired hearing it. They told me after that that was done to get my back up. It wasn't. It was because they were frightened of Taylor.

"Wait till I am finished with him," I said. "He may beat me, but if he does it winna be because he got on my nerves." As if a Scotsman, on his native heath, would quail before anybody!

Taylor was an enemy to respect both for the golf he played and for the determination he showed. When Jack White—a champion years afterwards—who caddied for Taylor said, "You have no chance, Andra. He's playing an awful game. None of us can beat him the way he is going."

I replied, "Wait and see."

We played thirty-six holes and Taylor never got a hole in front of me from start to finish, and I never was more than one up. It was neck and neck all the way. The strain was "gey bad." There was one hole in the last round where he had a chance.

The ground was hard and keen, and a little wind was blowing. Both our balls lay on the green, not more than a foot from the hole, and perhaps only ten inches. I said, "A half?" to Taylor.

"No, Andrew," he said, "you play."

His ball was about an inch in front of mine. I said, "Lift your ball, then," I played and missed. The ball struck the side of the hole and dribbled a yard past on the keen green. It was like putting on a window. Taylor must, at that moment, have felt pleased that he decided to play instead of halving the hole. But holes are never lost or won till the ball is out of sight.

It was absurd to think that Taylor could miss a ten-inch putt after I had been daft enough to do it. So I

played back to the hole very carelessly, feeling sure that he would get in; in fact, I played with one hand on the back of the putter—tempting Providence! Luckily for me I did not miss that careless putt.

When Taylor came to play his ten-inch putt, we stood as still as tombstones. I cannot tell you what I felt like when he missed and ran two feet past the hole, and then missed again coming back. Of course I was pleased, as I had a right to be, and did not say "Hard luck!" like a hypocrite. The only danger was that I should let my secret delight interfere with the coolness necessary to make the best of my narrow escape.

Taylor's failure to take advantage of the chance offered to him left me still one hole to the good. Think for a moment of a champion in a runner-up for the Championship both missing putts of less than a foot, and the Champion at the same hole missing a two-foot putt as well. Does that not prove the importance of putting and the danger of taking liberties with easy shots?

That was the only chance Taylor had of drawing level with me, and it must have ruffled him a bit to think that he, the most promising player of the day, should have thrown away such a chance. He was not the hardened campaigner then that he is now.

On leaving the sixteenth green we were all even. Both had a satisfactory drive over the stationmaster's garden going to the seventeenth green—one of the longest holes. Taylor played a fine second shot, his ball resting at the foot of the green. My second was away to the left, behind the deep pot bunker. Some of my friends said,

"Pitch it over the bunker, Andra." I said, "I dare not pitch this. If I do I'll put the ball in the road. Taylor has a certain 5 and I must get a 5."

Mr. John Ball, Mr. Harold Hilton and Mr. John Low and many other leading amateurs of the day were standing by, weighing up the position. I noticed a little hollow to the right of the bunker and saw that if I played the shot properly I could cannon against the side and curl in towards the hole. But there was the risk of taking the wrong line and going into the bunker.

"Chance yer luck," said John Herd, the uncle of Sandy Herd, who was my caddie.

"That's what I like to hear," said I. "No bunker-fright for me." I chanced my luck and it came off. The shot was about twenty yards. I ran it up, and the ball came beautifully round the bias of the ground and lay within two inches of the pin.

"Hard luck," said somebody, thinking how near I was to holing out. But I had nothing to complain of with the ball lying where it did. The very ground seemed to shake with the clapping of the crowd.

Taylor may very well have been put off his game by the applause, because he must have thought that he had a good chance of winning the hole. But golf is a funny game. A man may be sure of what he can do, but he may never be sure of what his opponent can do. The young Champion's mashie pitch ended in the road. The man has not been born who could pitch over that bunker, when the greens are baked, and cut the shot enough to keep the ball out of the road beyond the pin.

We went to the eighteenth tee—the thirty-sixth of the match—and I, being "dormy," crowed over him, saying, "That's the door lockit, Taylor; ye canna beat me now."

"True, but I can draw with you, Andrew," he said.

"It's possible, Taylor," I replied, "but I have only to get a half to win and you have to get a win to half."

Taylor smiled and said, "The L——d knows how you played that shot along the bunker side, Andrew. It was a plucky shot to try and well done."

We stood on the last tee, with the odds of winning in my favour—a half to beat the Champion and win £50. I could feel the tension of the crowd, and I looked at Taylor's caddie, Jack White, as much as to say, "What aboot your gloomy predictions now?" Jack seemed to read my thoughts and may have got a lesson that day which did him good.

We both had long drives and Taylor's second lay near the green. He played the odd after we measured and almost holed a beautiful mashie pitch—the sort of shot at which he has been the master since that day, twenty-five years ago. The ball looked into the hole. It was the gutta ball, of course, that plays no tricks. My third shot was past the hole about a yard. I was in no hurry or flurry, but just looked and sank the ball, beating the Champion by a putt. Taylor shook hands with me as heartily as if he had won.

"It's been a great game, Andrew," he said, "and you deserve to win, if only for that wonderful run-up shot along the side of the bunker at the seventeenth green."

"Andra," said John Herd, my caddie, to me afterwards,

"that win pits you in the poseeshun o' a horse that beats a Dairby winner but never won the Dairby. Ye'll ha' another go at Taylor this week in the Championship. If you do it on him then, it will be worth more than £50 tae ye." Herd's hopes were not fulfilled. Taylor won the Championship for the second time. I never liked stroke competitions. Matches suited me best, when you can measure your man all the way, and not bother about what dozens more are doing.

The seventeenth hole of St. Andrews, called the Road Hole, has been a great enemy of Taylor's. In the Championship some years later at St. Andrews, he found himself faced by the same shot that I played along the hollow to the right of the bunker. He must have remembered how I played it, but he did not profit by the example I set him, preferring to take his own way—generally a good point in a man at anything. Instead of running the ball up as I did on the occasion of our £50 match, he tried his favourite pitching shot and took eight or nine strokes to the hole. This cost him the Championship that year. He lost to James Braid by two shots, and was left to console himself with the thought that "it's never lost what a friend gets."

After this Championship, Taylor and myself and several amateurs walked over to the seventeenth green to examine the approach, and when I had played some run-up shots and put the ball near to the pin, Taylor tried six or seven with success. Turning to me he said, "There are times to pitch and times not to pitch. I 'pitched' that Championship away."

Not long ago Taylor wrote in the papers on the importance of pitching with the mashie, arguing that golf was played in the air. But I know better than to imagine him to have meant that Scottish golfers could not play pitch shots when they wanted to play them. Everything depends on what the situation demands. There can be "Too muckle up in the air," and there can be "Too muckle along the gr'und."

The thing is to play the sort of shot that is likely to pay best, taking account of the ground to cover, the state of the wind and the rest. The run-up shot requires that the player should carefully scan the hang of the land across which he proposes to run.

I am not sure that pitching is not very often easier, although a master like Taylor makes it very fine to see. A cartoonist in one of the papers drew me in the act of pitching Taylor himself into the air from the toe of my boot. It was a perfect mashie shot, supposing Taylor to have been a ball and my boot the club-head.

I ought to say that our scores in the £50-a-side match were not so very wonderful, except for the fact that we both took the same number of strokes—two 79's each.

It is a queer thing about golf that we play our best rounds in friendly matches. The card scares the most stout-hearted amongst us. We lose the devil-ma-care that shows a man at his best. When the Open Championship was altered to a four-rounds contest, the first man to win it was that brilliant amateur, Mr. H. H. Hilton —the "Three H's," as we used to call him—with a score of 305 at Muirfield. Five years later Mr. Hilton won it

again at Hoylake with a score of 314, and at that date he and J. H. Taylor were the only two golfers that had won the Open Championship twice, under the new arrangement. No other amateur has equalled this feat of Mr. Hilton's.

Though Mr. John Ball was the first amateur to win the Championship against the professionals, a feat he accomplished at Prestwick in 1890, he never repeated it, and so left Mr. Hilton alone in his glory. The three greatest amateurs that ever played in my sight were the late Freddie Tait, Mr. Harold Hilton and Mr. John Ball.

I often ask myself what it is that makes one golfer play in Championships so much better than another golfer who is quite as good as himself. I put it down to concentration and confidence, with just a "sprinklin' o' carelessness," that keeps the muscles "soople" and the swing free and easy. Happy is the man who can bring out the best that is in him whenever he wants it.

I have done six holes in one stroke in my fifty years —twice at the eighth and twice at the eleventh of St. Andrews, the eighth and the last hole at Musselburgh. But would I wager to do a hole in one to order? No, not even if I dreamt that I had done it the night before, like the London golfer I've read about, who refused a bet of £10,000 to £10 and went out and fulfilled his dream.

My best holes at St. Andrews for half a century, if they could be written on one card, would show a total of forty-three, made up like this :—

$$\left.\begin{array}{l} 2—2—3—3—2—3—3—2—1 = 21 \text{ out} \\ 2—1—2—3—4—2—3—3—2 = 22 \text{ in} \end{array}\right\} = 43.$$

This is twenty-five strokes better than my best round.

MR. BALFOUR AND ANDRA.

The great statesman is tearing up his card at the close of a round.

EARL HAIG AND ANDRA SPECIALLY PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE OLD COURSE.

Such figures are only amusing. It is like throwing stones at a tin can. A blind boy might hit it in one shot and an archer might miss it. I've seen a man play golf for the first time and putt so well that it made my teeth water with envy to watch him. A gentleman I was teaching once told me he had beaten Harry Vardon level. I thought he must be daft, till he laughed and explained that he once did a hole in 3 at which Vardon had taken 5.

This is the difference between ordinary and extra-ordinary golfers. One class play good shots occasionally and the other constantly. It's astonishing how much better the "bulk of golfers" would play if they could bring themselves to believe in themselves. Why cannot a man repeat the grand drive or iron approach he makes now and again? Most likely because he made the shot without noticing how he did it.

"Andra," said a moderately good amateur to me one day as we took shelter from the rain, "is it not a curious thing that I could count on the fingers of one hand the really fine drives of my ten years' golf; the sort of drives that make a man dream of the Amateur Championship? I can see these drives now and feel the thrill of them by memory; the ease of the swing, the sounding click of the shot and the low, raking reach of the ball as it grew smaller to the eye in the blue distance. G——d! Andra, but there's not many joys in life to beat that. Tell me, if you can, why these drives come so seldom."

I had to confess that it was beyond me, not only in

his case, but in my own. What, after all, is the great charm of golf? Is it not the unget-at-ableness of its secrets? No game's like it.

Once the doctor advised me to go away for a change to a watering place. "L——d, doctor," said I to him, "d'ye want to put me clean oot of my mind? There's nae golf there that ever I've heard of, and ye never kenned a professional golfer yet that could tak' a holiday withoot golf."

"Busman's holiday!" said the doctor, laughing at me.

"May be so," I said, "but it canna be helpit. Cricketers, footballers and the like may be glad of a rest in their off season, but there's no off season for golfers, the Lord be thankit. We're like fish oot o' the water when the snow or the frost or the fog pits a stop to golf."

My position up here at St. Andrews is different from that of professionals in other parts, more especially in England and America. There is no golf on the Sabbath here, and that gives me a day's rest every week that I could do quite well without. Round about London I suppose nearly as many men play golf on Sunday as go to church. Up here the links are deserted on Sunday, and the English visitor—I pity him—no doubt kicks his heels and wishes St. Andrews Corporation would treat him more kindly.

It's not for me to criticise the Corporation. I am easy minded either way. They know their business best. Old Tom Morris used to say, very truly, that if the golfers did not need a day's rest in seven the greens did.

Tom Kidd went further. Meeting him on a Sunday dressed like a peacock—with tall hat, blue socks, blue tie, lavender trousers, yellow kid gloves and a cane—I asked him where he was going.

"I'm going to the church to hear the Gospel, where we should all be this Sabbath day," was Tom's reply.

There was never a dandy professional golfer like Tom Kidd. He always wore a "Whaur-are-ye-ga'un?" hat on Sunday. That means a tall hat, because the likes of us were always supposed to be going somewhere special with those things on our heads. It might be a wedding, a christening or a funeral.

Tom's waistcoats were speckled with all the colours of the rainbow. But he did not care who smiled or shouted across the street at him. In fact, I think he liked that kind of persecution. This same Tom Kidd won the Open Championship in 1873.

CHAPTER VIII

THE GREAT FOUR

Harry's "Vardonic smile"—Miraculous shot from a bunker—When Braid was a working joiner—A prince of sportsmen—Taylor as a Member of Parliament—The "Herd Laddie" shintie-stick days at St. Andrews.

"WATCH the greyhound!"

That was the warning I always gave to Taylor, Braid and Herd when we met in tournaments twenty years ago or so.

I was referring to Harry Vardon, and Taylor used to say, "That's quite right, Andrew; he is a greyhound, and he needs watching, but there's none of us can catch him at the present time."

If twenty of the best professionals and twenty of the best amateurs were asked to write the names of the greatest four golfers during the last quarter of a century they would vote for Vardon, Taylor, Braid and Herd. Sandy is always mentioned last among the Great Four, although he is the oldest by a year or two. I think this is because he has only won the Championship once, and each of the others has won it five or six times. All the same, Herd is as close behind the best of them as the club-head to the ba' at the moment of impact—up against it.

If the same number of golfers were asked to write the name of the greatest among the Great Four, the majority would vote for Vardon, and if the members of the Great Four themselves were asked to say who was the greatest among them, considered as a golfer, on past or present form, the only one who would put his cross opposite any name but that of Vardon would be Vardon himself.

I am thinking American golfers who have seen much of Vardon recently, and when he was twenty years younger, would be of the same opinion. I asked an American that question at St. Andrews last year, and he replied quickly :—

" I never saw your own St. Andrews boy marvel, Young Tommy Morris, whose monument stands in the Cathedral grounds, but I have seen Harry Vardon, both here and on the other side, and I regard him as the greatest and most finished golfer in the world.

" He proves, as no other man does, that golf is an art. I am sure the game is a pure joy to him ; he makes every shot in such an effortless way. It is an old saying, Andrew, and a very true one, as applied to golf, that ' Perfection is a thing of ease.'

" Vardon smiles as he plays. It is not a very broad smile, just enough to flicker faintly over his features. It might be called the ' Vardonic smile.' "

I could say a lot about Harry Vardon, but why give praise where it is not needed ? His concentration always struck me as wonderful. He seemed to sink into the game. I believe a gun-shot ten feet away wouldn't put him off. If a dog crossed the tee in front of him, while

at the top of his swing, he would be able to judge whether the dog ran in any danger of its life. If it did, he would stop his club; if it didn't, he would go through with the shot, without pulling or slicing.

There is nothing grim about Vardon's determination; no grinding of the teeth or setting of the jaw; just a twiddling of the left toe to make the nails grip the ground, and a firmly confident look on his face that means he is going to play the shot as it should be played, knowing that victory comes that way.

I cannot imagine Vardon going over his shots in his bed after a match—as I have often done—reckoning up how strokes were dropped and chances thrown away at this hole and that. He is much more likely to make the best of his bed by having a good night's rest in it; for Vardon was never a worrier of himself—though he often worries his opponent by his calmness.

I never heard him say "That was hard luck" about his own shots, even when I have said it for him; and he would sometimes say "hard luck" regarding my shot, but it had to be a glaring example, because, I fancy Vardon pays very little heed to luck, good or bad. He just goes on winning.

As to saying "fluke" when a mashie shot finished in the hole, no! not likely. Vardon only smiled, acknowledging that his opponent had got the fullest value for a good shot, and not grudging him his luck.

I am not trying to put Vardon up as a better sportsman than anybody else. What I am trying in my own way is to show that Harry always took care that nothing

should be allowed to ruffle him or to interfere in any way with his own game. Besides this, it is a pleasure to say what I have said about such a pleasant fellow, who carries his honours as if he had forgotten all about them.

I heard a lot about Vardon before I met him at Sandwich, where he won his third Championship in 1899. He was then professional at Scarborough.

The next time we met was at Elie, in a medal or scoring competition, as we used to say. This was at the time when nobody could stop Vardon. I think he won about fourteen tournaments right off. He won the Elie tournament. I was third, lying two shots behind him. I stood second the first day, after playing thirty-six holes with Taylor. Vardon's score on the first day was two 73's, my score was 73 and 76.

The next day I played against Vardon and each of us took 73 for the first round. In the afternoon I was 74 and Vardon 75; he beat me by two shots over 72 holes. I was leading him by two strokes in the last round, with two holes to go. I took a 7 and a 5, getting into a bunker with my tee shot at the seventeenth and taking 2 to get out. Vardon finished with two 4's.

After this battle I fancied my chance against the great Harry and offered to play him on two neutral greens for £100 a side. I was then at the top of all the form I ever knew, and believed I might have beaten him. He smiled at my challenge and said he was quite willing, but it never came to anything. He was then very busy playing exhibition matches here, there and

everywhere, as clubs vied with each other to get him on their courses.

So great a draw was he, that clubs paid him to come, win or lose. He won almost every time. Sometimes he beat his opponent by six or seven strokes.

Harry said to me at Elie, "You were unlucky, Andrew, getting into that bunker, and lying so badly from your tee shot. You played well."

A remarkable thing happened when Vardon got into a bunker at the sixteenth, though I suppose it was all very like the miracle worker. The ball was lying not more than a foot from the steep face of the bunker. He had to get it up five or six feet. I was leading him by two shots. He looked at my ball and then walked up to his own ball and considered for a moment.

He was going to play for safety out to the side. Then he changed his mind and went for it. How he got that ball on to the green forty yards away nobody could tell me. Everybody who saw it was astounded. He hit as hard as he could and apparently half topped the ball. I am certain he knew what he was doing. There was no fluke about it. The ball hit the top of the bunker and took a forward direction to the green.

I said to him, "L——d knows how you got that ball there, Harry!"

He said, "There was nothing for it but to go for it, and it came off. You were leading by two strokes and I had to chance my luck."

Mr. John E. Laidlay, twice Amateur Champion, who was looking on, said to me before Vardon played, "Andrew,

J. H. TAYLOR.

ALEC HERD.

JAMES BRAID.

HARRY VARDON.

"THE GREAT FOUR"—CHAMPIONS ALL.

To face p. 140.

you ought to get a shot from him here. He must play out to the side."

We all thought that and we were all wrong. When Vardon made the shot, Mr. Laidlay said, "I never saw a shot like it. I don't know how he got that ball through."

Vardon knew that the shot was possible, and he proved it.

Nobody wants to read everything about anybody, and I am selecting matches and incidents that seem to me most interesting. Harry Vardon will remember our match at Montrose, more than twenty years ago. Exact dates do not matter much. We were left in the final of this match, after having been among the eight that qualified. There was a good money prize.

Harry and I finished in a 36-hole tussle. It was a very coarse day of wind and rain. I was three up at the end of the first round, and began to dream of doing myself all the good in the world—and doing Harry very little harm—by beating him.

The end of the match was keen and close. We were all square and three to go, which shows that the "greyhound" was level with the "hare," so to speak. I had a putt on the sixteenth green of about five feet for half the hole, but Harry had laid me a stymie, his ball being on the lip. The position was dangerous, as I might very easily have put him in. I played to the side and had to be contented with the half.

At the seventeenth hole we both lay about a yard from the flag. I played the odd and missed the putt. Vardon could putt in those days, and I knocked his ball

away, giving him the hole. He was then playing the Kite, or the Vardon Flier, and his putting was as good as the rest of his game.

Let me say here that I have no sympathy with attempts to banish the stymie from the game. It is one of the best shots in golf, and the old game would suffer very much if the stymie were abolished. It is all in the game, and we must take things as they come. It makes no difference whether a man lays himself a stymie or has one laid for him by his opponent.

There is no greater fun than trying to negotiate a stymie by jumping with the mashie, or screwing or following through with the putter. I think it is simply cowardly to attack the stymie. I am sure that no good player would ever join the ranks of those who oppose it. I love the stymie, and golf will have become another game altogether when we see the last of it—not in my day, I hope and predict.

This Montrose tournament was made the occasion of a half holiday in the town, and the millworkers were there in hundreds to see the final. Among the spectators were scores of mill girls, who came to see me, the "Old Man," win. They called me an old man then, when I was twenty years younger. I suppose I was nearly ten years older than Vardon, and so it was only a matter of comparison. Harry was a comparative stripling, much lighter in build than he is to-day. He was a perfect picture of an athlete and golfer, with not an ounce of superfluous fat on him, good-looking, bronzed, healthy and supple as a cane.

But the mill girls of Montrose were not carried away by the good looks of the Englishman. I was their favourite, being a Scotsman. They cheered every good shot I made and bewailed every bad one. They cheered Harry too, but not as often as he deserved it. Nothing put him off. He just smiled and went on playing the most perfect golf I ever saw. Had I beaten him, I believe the mill girls would have mobbed me. They might have even hugged me. But, of course, I am only guessing, as the matter was never put to the test. Vardon beat me on the last green.

In this tournament Jack White beat Taylor, and when I came to play White in the semi-final, "J. H." said to me, "I am sure, Andrew, that White will beat you; he's right on his game."

"He'll need to be on it too," said I, "as I am on mine as well." I beat Jack by 4 and 3.

My third match with Vardon was at St. Andrews, on my own course, but again he got the upper hand of me. So that I compared myself to Bruce's spider, except that the spider did better than I did. It tried three times and got up. I tried three times to beat Vardon and came down.

My fifty years of golf includes no victory over Harry Vardon, though I have beaten Taylor more than once, Braid more than once, Herd more than once.

It is very curious that I should have beaten all the other three members of "The Great Four," but never Vardon.

"You have been very unlucky," he said to me. "I

think on your play, Andrew, you ought to have beaten me."

"You always play your best game against me, Harry," I said.

"Yes, that is a fact, Andrew," he said.

He might well have added that he played his best game against everybody; but that was not the sort of thing Vardon would say.

I never heard Vardon tell a funny story, but nobody liked better to hear one. Many a time he would set me going, and he never wanted me to stop. He could laugh with the best of us; the most genial of men, although not a joker.

Once I saw Vardon looking rather glum. It was when we and several others were playing at Dollymount, Dublin, and were the guests of Lord Dudley, at the Viceregal Lodge. The sentry always stopped us at the gates. I came up one day and found Vardon waiting there.

"What's the matter, Harry?" I asked.

"I've forgotten the countersign, Andrew. I hope you remember it!"

"That's all right, Harry," I said. "Trust an old soldier."

I gave it to him and we passed through.

Vardon looked very relieved. I think he was afraid of being obliged to stop out all night.

What shall I say about Jimmy Braid, the man who put up such a stiff fight for Auld Scotland for twenty-five years, with Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor battering at him all the time?

There could not be a cooler or better-tempered golfer than James Braid. If anybody ever had what is called the "golfing temperament"—a thing I don't pay much heed to myself—Braid has it, and some to spare for those who are lacking in it. I would not call him dour, but dogged to the last degree. He is never beaten till he cannot win, and then it is a good thing to see him shake the hand of his conqueror.

I knew Braid when he was a working joiner in St. Andrews, and many evening games we had together then. My brother Hugh and James Robb—the hero of a great final with Mr. Hilton in the Amateur Championship in 1901—often played against Braid and me in foursomes. At that time Braid was just coming along, and we were able to give him four strokes, but each of us knew that the day was not far off when it would take us all our time to play him level. He could hit a gutta ball nearly out of sight, but he was a very bad putter.

He afterwards disappeared, going to London to make clubs, and I soon heard that he had become professional to the Romford Club, in Essex. He was still employed there when he won his first Championship in 1901 at Muirfield.

The next time I clapped eyes on Braid he had blossomed into a great golfer. He played the whole game perfectly. In the early days the big, strong, bony joiner from Elie could drive the gutta twenty yards in front of us all. Our only chance then was to beat him at the short game.

But look at him now! Past fifty, and if there's a sight worth travelling far to see, it is Braid playing iron

or niblick shots from the rough, on his own adopted Walton Heath. That is, of course, when his partner in a foursome puts him there.

Braid has always been hard to beat for twenty years. He plays all the time with his head, thinking out every shot, not only as he stands over the ball but while he is walking towards it. He is a mighty driver against wind, and knows the trick of felling his ball and making it bore its way far and low, by putting on a little bit of pull.

Bad lies seem to give him no trouble. His power in the rough is marvellous. Even Ted Ray is not Jimmy's master there, and that is saying much. He times his drives with crashing accuracy and puts a good deal of the right forearm and right side into the shot. Hitting his hardest with the "play-club," as the driver used to be called, Braid would come down sometimes almost to his knees, but he did not drop his shoulders till the ball had been hit. Bad or good shot, he always took things as they came, like a great match player.

In later years his eyes have troubled him, and that is a serious handicap.

Together with Sandy Herd, he has fought well for the honour of the old country south of the Tweed. Nothing could ever put him out, and his knowledge of the game is wonderful.

I remember Braid having a very bad patch of poor putting. At that time he would say to me, "Andra, it is the yard putts that cost me strokes. I canna get them in at a'."

I call James Braid a "prince of sportsmen." When he lost a match he would say, "I deserved to lose and you deserved to win. Your gowf was far better than mine."

He has always played the game very strictly, and if anything happened out of order he would refer to the referee at once; and more often than not the referee would say, "It is all right, play on." If Braid had a doubt, he gave his opponent the benefit of it, until the referee made his ruling.

"The game," he always said, "is not worth playing unless the rules are strictly followed. Even the smallest of rules should be attended to, such as grounding in a bunker, putting out of turn, removing anything that should not be touched, or brushing the line of the putt."

I remember Braid playing in an important match at St. Andrews, when his ball seemed to him to move a little on the putting green when he was resting the club down to the ball. He turned to the marker and said, "I think that is a shot."

"No," said the marker, "the ball did not roll over, it did not go out of its place."

That showed the principle that ruled the man, proving the sportsmanship of James Braid.

I often think of that Open Championship at St. Andrews, when Braid went round in 76 in thunder, lightning and rain, till the water was running out of his boots. The greens were flooded, and for the last part of the game he had to pitch with his mashie into the hole. He did it, too. But things were so bad that the

Committee decided to cancel the round, on the score that the course was unplayable. Several of us finished. I finished in 83, and I have taken more under better conditions.

I shall never forget that storm. The lightning was flashing in our faces. At times it blinded us so that we had to stop a second or two. The wind was boo-boo-booing and the rain whiz-whiz-whizzing, till we laughed at ourselves for being out in it.

When Braid finished, he said to me quite coolly, "We've got a gey soakin', Andra, but we've warsled through."

I played Braid two exhibition matches—one at St. Andrews and the other at Mitcham, near London. I beat him at St. Andrews by one hole in thirty-six, and at Mitcham by 3 up in two. There were four of us at Mitcham—Jack White, Taylor, Braid and myself. I beat both Taylor and Braid by 3 and 2 on that rare occasion.

Lord Dudley and the Mitcham club got up the match for a £50 prize. I bagged £22 out of it, so that I did not do so badly, having the lion's share.

It was soon after Braid had become Champion that they brought him to St. Andrews, where I played him an exhibition match and beat him by a hole. My rounds were 77 and 78, with a gutta ball.

I may here say that my record for St. Andrews with the rubber-cored ball is 68. My best two consecutive rounds have been 71 and 72, playing the best ball of three gentlemen—Mr. Spencer Gollan, Mr. Alec Tait and Mr. Curran, all members of the Royal and Ancient Club.

The ball I played with was the Spalding Black Dot, that had a great vogue for a long time.

After my victory over Braid, he said, "It has been a close match, Andrew. We have both played quite well enough."

The fact that I beat him seemed positively to give him pleasure, for auld acquaintance' sake. That's the sort of man who has Championship qualities in him—the man with a big heart, who can take a defeat and take a good meal after it.

Petted little men, who mope and mourn when things go against them, will never do much good at anything.

Some people have imagined that the Braid Hills, Edinburgh, were named after Braid. I told Jimmy this once. He smiled and said, "No such honour for me, Andra. I'm thinkin' the Braid Hills were the Braid Hills long before I was heard of."

There is a good golfer in St. Andrews to-day, among the tradesmen who composed the Team of all the Talents, as Mr. Hilton called them. His name is George Braid—no relation to Jimmy.

It was as far back as 1894—twenty-seven years ago—that J. H. Taylor won his first Championship at Sandwich. He won again the next year at St. Andrews.

Taylor has given me the credit for firing his ambition, as related in a previous chapter. He was a man I always liked to play with. He was a cut above me in gentlemanliness, and well educated, which I never was. I used to admire his manners, just as to-day I am prepared to say that John Henry Taylor has done more for the

professional golfers of this country than any Labour leader or Union secretary ever did for the men under him.

Compare, if you can, the standing of a golf professional to-day with his status thirty years ago, and don't let it be forgotten that Taylor is the man that has brought all the good things to the younger generation. He has always fought for good prizes and good wages. Every professional will bear me out when I say that Taylor has been like a father to them all. He is always ready to say a good word to the young and promising professional —a square and upright man.

If there was any speech-making to be made after a great tournament, while we all stood like dummies, Taylor would step forward and make the best speech made that day by anybody. Gifted with a ready flow of language and a confident manner, he always speaks to the point and puts a good deal of humour into his remarks. I remember a gentleman coming up to me after Taylor had made one of his usual speeches, and saying :

" That Champion of yours, Taylor, would make a fine Member of Parliament. He does not need to play golf for a living, he could make a good living as a public speaker."

" Quite true," I said, " but professional golfing is much better than professional spouting. Taylor just says the right thing at the right time, and in the best way for his brother professionals. I never heard that he took any interest in politics. Of the two ' games,' golf is Taylor's choice."

"HELL BUNKER," WHERE ANDRA HAD AN ARGUMENT WITH MR. ASQUITH.

If you have never heard Taylor speak, my advice to you is to take the first chance that comes your way, at the close of a tournament, to hear him. He will open your eyes.

Perhaps Sandy Herd has entered more into my life than any of the rest of the "Great Four."

We were both boys at St. Andrews, and began our golf with shintie-sticks in the streets round about the old Cathedral, as I have mentioned in another part of my story.

Sandy is a great golfer to-day at the age of fifty-three. He is just as likely to win another Championship as any one of them, or as any of the younger men now in the running.

No man is more consistent than Herd. He is always near the top, and but for "maist awfu'" bad luck, he might have had three or four Championships at least, instead of only one.

When Sandy was serving his apprenticeship as a plasterer at St. Andrews, he would come out in the evening and offer to carry my brother Hugh's clubs or mine, just to watch us playing and to learn something. In course of time he joined one of the tradesman's clubs and won the medal several times. We soon saw the making of a champion in Sandy.

It's a queer thing how one man will play as well as another when both are about twenty, but one will give clear promise of going far ahead, while the other leaves you in doubt, and very likely settles down into just an extra good player, but nothing like a champion.

Herd was a happy-go-lucky young fellow, to whom golf seemed to come naturally. I never saw him practising much and I never saw him play badly. His style was always very deliberate, just as it is to-day. He would waggle his club before taking a shot, five, six, seven or even up to nine or ten times, until he felt right on his feet. Then the shot would astonish you.

The jolly young plasterer eventually got a job somewhere in England, and afterwards became professional to the Huddersfield Club, where he stopped for a very long time.

Next time he came to St. Andrews it was not to go round and watch me playing, but to play against me and beat me as often as I beat him, to say the least.

If Sandy ever chanced to be "off" his game, he always encouraged his opponent or his partner. That was one of the finest things about his character. When luck went against him he laughed at it, although I should not be surprised if he has got a little cross with it by this time, for, beyond all doubt, he is the unluckiest golfer among the first-raters to-day. The very ball seems to be possessed with an evil spirit when Sandy has been making a grand bid for a Championship.

George Duncan knows all about this. If Sandy had not come to grief at the end in 1920 at Deal, and Duncan had not played like a genius, Herd would have been champion for the second time.

I am not grudging Duncan his Championship. He, too, has had his share of bad luck, and is of course a champion all the time; still, there must have been a universal feeling of sympathy for Herd that day. Aberdeen has good

reason to be proud of George Duncan—and Scotland needs more like him to-day, with Mitchell, Ray, Vardon and Taylor, putting up such great games for England.

The biggest match I ever played with Herd as a partner took place at St. Andrews and Aberdeen.

Archie Simpson and Ben Sayers played us for £50 a side. We beat them by thirteen holes. The honours between Herd and me were easy.

You will have noticed, if you have ever seen Herd play, that his grip is according to the old-fashioned St. Andrews style—no over-lapping, no interlocking, or other contraption. The club almost settles in the palm of his right hand. Yet I doubt whether Herd has his equal in playing in a gale. He brings over his right hand the moment of striking and hugs the ball well into the wind. He is a great master at half-heeling the ball and making the wind fight for him, instead of fighting against him.

Possessed of strong forearms, Sandy has never any reason to worry about other golfers being able to outdrive him. He can get up alongside the longest of them, and has always the courage to take his "spoon" when others take irons. He is the greatest performer with the spoon since Tommy Morris's day.

Sandy Herd won his first Championship with the Haskell ball—the first of all the rubber-cored balls to come over from America. Some days before the Championship, Herd was playing a three-ball match with Mr. John Ball, of Hoylake, and me. Sandy played the gutta, Mr. Ball and I the Haskell. Both of us outdrove him

off every tee, and Herd called the Haskell all the names he could lay his tongue to.

But afterwards, on thinking matters over, he came to me and said, " Andra, can ye get me some of them Haskell balls ? "

I got him two dozen from London and he won the Championship. A demand then sprang up for the rubber-cored ball, and I think the great strides made by golf in the last twenty years has been due to that ball. Older players were attracted by it because they could drive it into the air better and did not need to slog as hard as with the gutta.

Considering golf as a healthy pastime—and I've heard hundreds of middle-aged business men say life would not be worth living without it—the rubber-cored ball has served a good purpose, besides making fortunes for the manufacturers. Whether it is a better test of golf is another question. I don't like the way it jumps trouble and runs bunkers, like performing puggy dogs in a circus. You could not play monkey tricks with the gutta.

CHAPTER IX

DEAR OLD ST. ANDREWS

A walk round St. Andrews—The American's meditations among the tombs—The red coat and the bottle of whisky—Golfer on a white pony—White Lady and the mummies—Four courses viewed from the "Royal and Ancient" club-house—Mushroom bunkers.

ST. ANDREANS all dearly love their little old grey city by the sea, as they well may, for there cannot be a healthier or neater town anywhere in the wide world. Walk about her broad, clean streets in the quiet of any Sunday, when every tavern door is closed and the inhabitants are either in their homes, in the churches, or walking by the sands of the sea or along the bonnie Lade Braes. The stillness and sweetness of everything makes you feel the full meaning of the sacredness of the Sabbath.

Golf is all the more enjoyable for one day in the week without it; although I might change my tune if Sunday was the only day I had for golf.

Often I have stopped in a game on the links to look at the city a mile away, shining like a jewel in the sunshine, and then turned to view the yellow sands, the silver sea and the blue hills of the Forfar coast, with the Grampians dimly seen in the far background.

Away there to the left is the Eden shore, where I have had some grand duck shooting in my day. For thirty

years I have carried the gun with my dog at my heels. Nero, on the hearth there, has done his share at fetching the birds. We still stroll out at night when the ducks are on their flight to the fields, or in the daytime when the rough weather drives them inland. My biggest bag at one flight was nineteen. And many's the day's rabbiting I've spent with members of the Royal and Ancient, taking charge of ferrets for them. They often gave me a day's shooting.

I know no prettier sight on a summer's afternoon than the picture of the student lads and lassies, with their scarlet gowns flapping from their shoulders as they hurry to and from the college class-rooms. Companies of trig young girls are also seen walking in good order with their teachers at their head; for St. Andrews leads the way in education, and the children of well-to-do parents are sent here from all parts of the three Kingdoms, and longer distances than that. There are no tramcars and no Salvation Army in St. Andrews to-day to break the peace of the place.

Come with me to the Cathedral burial-grounds and I will show you a strange thing, the like of which is not to be seen anywhere that I know of. There stands the monument to young Tommy Morris, with a carved life-like figure of himself in the act of addressing the ball. On his head is the Balmoral bonnet that so often fell off as he "followed through" with that grand swing of his, sometimes nearly falling on his face.

The sculptor has done his work so well that you can see power in Tommy's stance and grip. Though a delicate

youth, with blue eyes and light brown curly hair, Tommy had amazingly strong and supple wrists. Often he broke his driver where he gripped it.

Mr. William Linskill, the popular Dean of Guild at St. Andrews—a most devoted and useful citizen the Dean!—said to me that the club was as light as a ha'penny cane to Tommy. The grip of his handshake was like a vice, and you had to ask him "no' to squeeze so hard."

The Dean's great friend, the late George Bruce, actor and poet, wrote some verses about Tommy. Here are two:—

> He's gone, cut down in summer's sunny prime,
> A flower which bloomed upon the links of Time;
> And yet not gone, for Time's undying pen
> His name inscribes amongst her noted men.
>
> As one so young, so fair, so mild and true,
> Whose fame still onwards like his tee-shots flew,
> When from the golfing world, a stripling bore
> The triple triumph from the peaceful war.

This refers to Tommy having won, as his own property, the Championship belt, through heading the field three years in succession.

An American was one day visiting the Cathedral burial-ground with me. Standing in front of Allan Robertson's memorial, with the old champion's bust and crossed golf-clubs graven on the headstone, the American looked amused and then said:

"This gets me. Not content with golfing all their days, they want their clubs with them in the next world. I guess golf is part of a St. Andrews man's religion."

When he read the inscription, which praises Allan's personal worth and concludes that "he was distinguished as the champion golfer of Scotland," the American could say nothing, and threw up his hands in astonishment.

"Andrew," he remarked afterwards, "golf is a solemn business with you people—a matter of life and death."

"Just about it," said I.

I told him a story of a match between Allan Robertson and Old Tom Morris for a red coat given by Mr. Wolfe Murray, of Gringletie. Allan was beaten, and made the excuse that he had been thinking all the way round that the "wee coatie would fit Tom better."

Mr. Wolfe Murray was a member of the Royal and Ancient and a noted archer in his day. He played a wonderful freak match once for a wager, backing his bow and arrow against Young Tommy Morris with clubs and balls.

The archer's great difficulty was in getting his arrow into the holes, but he beat Tommy all the same. Of course at that time the holes had not tins at the bottom as nowadays. There were no sand-boxes on the tees, and the caddies used to dig with their nails in the holes for sand, sometimes all the length of their arms.

Mr. Wolfe Murray played golf almost to the end of his days. He used to ride round the course on a white pony, getting off to play his shot, and getting on again to follow the ball. He employed two caddies, one to carry his clubs and the other to hold the pony's head. The caddies often fought for the easier job of holding the pony.

Golfers used a lot of clubs then, and the caddies carried them loose under their arms, walking about like pipers. I remember the first golf-bag. It belonged to the late Dr. Traill and was made of waterproof cloth to keep the clubs dry in wet weather. The doctor did not bring it out in fine weather. When we professional golfers travelled any great distance in those days, we took our clubs in boxes, like movable lockers.

Nearly all the clubs were wooden. A complete set would be—a driver, or play-club ; a grass driver, or driver slightly spooned ; long, middle and short baffy spoon ; sand-iron, like a battle-axe ; wooden niblick ; iron niblick, with a head the shape of a frying-pan ; and wooden putter nearly as long in the face as your boot.

I've often seen a careless caddie get a crack over the head with a wooden club to make him pay attention to his business. Every crack was worth a sixpence extra.

The tradesmen of St. Andrews do not know how well off they are, and you occasionally hear them say so. They have at their doors the best golf in the world for nothing.

But I am going rather in front of myself. Let us start from the Cathedral, which we have visited and where we have seen the monument to " Young Tommy Morris," the grave of his father, Old Tom, and that of Allan Robertson, and step down towards the sea and the old pier. I do not suppose such a pier could be seen anywhere. It is strong and crude, without railings and with only a few seats on the prevailing windward side. It is all stone.

The visitor must be careful lest the wind from the sea should cause him to slip and blow him over. At the end is a harbour light, and an iron ladder by means of which the light is fed and attended to. Some day a modern pier will very likely displace this ancient piece of masonry, and it will be a pity, because old-fashioned things have a charm of their own.

Walking from the pier, we come to the ruined Castle, and there may be seen all day long, when there is not much golf doing, numbers of fishermen pacing up and down with their eyes turned seawards, according to the custom of sailor men. Some of them are seventy and eighty years of age. These are the men who move along in summer-time to the golf courses to eke out their earnings as caddies.

If you talk to them about golf, they will interest you by the common-sense view they take of it.

"Golf is played as muckle by the heid as by the hand." That is the general view of these authorities.

To them it is no great thing to drive a very long ball, unless the golfer is able to keep straight. Mere power leaves them unmoved. They like to see the game played in a straight line, as it should be played. They are all excellent coaches, and the golfer who employs them will be wise if he takes the club they give him and plays the shot as they direct.

On your left you come to the so-called Haunted Tower, where the White Lady is supposed to walk at night when the moon is at the full. There is a prominent townsman, who need not be named to be known. This

gentleman has for many years interested himself—since coming from Cambridge, where he started University golf—in the ghostly associations of the Haunted Tower.

It is told of him that on a certain occasion, accompanied by a well-known poet, and provided with a lantern, he visited the Haunted Tower and in some way gained admission. When he disappeared from view, the poet who accompanied him shouted, "Where have you gone, and what has happened?"

"I am all right," came the voice from the interior of the Tower. "My only trouble is that somehow I have got mixed up with a number of mummies."

The explorer afterwards explained that he had seen eleven of these mummies, and in proof of what he said, he fished one out. If you visit his house to-day, he will relate the adventure, and if you are lucky he will show you the perfectly formed and well-preserved hand of a mummy, evidently a young girl, with long fingers and beautiful filberts.

But I am writing of golf, not of ghosts or mummies.

We come on towards the club-house, the temple, as we might say, of the royal and ancient game, where all the rules are made and points of dispute settled for the whole country. In former years the head-quarters of the Royal and Ancient Club was a very obscure building called the Union Parlour, which no longer exists.

You see a stretch of beautiful green sward, leading seawards from the club-house, and now constituting an 18-hole putting course. Unless you are aware of it, you will be greatly astonished to learn that this large

piece of land was literally stolen from the sea by the ingenuity and labours of George Bruce.

He placed boats loaded with cement in such a position that he was able to check the inrush of the tide and so present the town with this tract of land. The story can only be told by me in outline, but if you are of an engineering turn of mind and care to go into all particulars, I should say you will form a very high opinion of the late Mr. George Bruce's good work.

Sit now with me at a window of the Grand Hotel—the only red building in the old grey city. There before you stretch the four golf courses of St. Andrews. The Swilcan Burn can be seen three or four hundred yards away flowing across the first and last holes of the Old Course.

There is no danger of getting into the burn with your tee shot. It is the second shot at the first hole that makes the burn a rather dangerous hazard. Playing the last hole, the tee shot must be a very poor one if the burn traps it. The Swilcan plays no part in the other courses, as they all start beyond it.

One of Old Tom Morris's memorable sayings was:

"It's a good game that comes to the Swilcan."

He meant by that, that a match which was still alive till the Swilcan was reached, showed the last hole to be the decisive hole.

On your left, about five hundred yards from the clubhouse, is the Eden Course, which is in great favour with the tradesmen and the visitors to St. Andrews. This course is long and difficult, but extremely well defined.

CROWD ENCIRCLING THE EIGHTEENTH GREEN IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT CLUB HOUSE, ST. ANDREWS.

Standing by the flag is Andra Kirkaldy at his appointed post.

(This picture is given by the Sports and General Press Agency to Andrew Kirkaldy.)

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You can see better where you are going and know better what you are doing on the Eden than you can on the Old Course or the New Course. The Eden is one of the two qualifying courses for the Open Championship, the other being the New Course.

Between the two is the Old or Championship Course, so that St. Andrews is in the happy position of being able to furnish qualifying courses and the Championship course within a few hundred yards of each other. There is no need for competitors to play in different towns. They come to St. Andrews to qualify and remain to compete.

One of the sights that amuses the visitor is that of, say, the club makers from Forgan's and Morris's shops, or even porters from the station, stepping out in their meal hours to have a few holes, or to practise a few shots on the Old Course. Golfers in London and other large cities who must travel miles by train or motor-car to reach their courses can realise the happy position in which these St. Andrews golfers are placed.

No charge is made to the people of the town for golf. Visitors must pay, but not through the nose. For example, a round on the Eden Course and the New Course costs a shilling each. The Jubilee Course, which is a short course, can be played over for twopence. At this moment two shillings is the charge for a round on the Championship course—and it is well worth it.

As we are still seated at the window of the Grand Hotel, the view of rolling moor, fringed on the right by shaggy cliffs for miles ahead, away to the Eden River,

gives some idea of the golfing advantages of St. Andrews. Practically all the fairways are undulating, and the straight player, if he is not too short to be bunkered—or for that matter too long—will always find his ball "sitting up" for the use of the wooden club if required. The bunkering of the three principal courses punishes nobody unfairly, though the average number of bunkers per hole may run into double figures.

There is a story of a golfer who had not visited St. Andrews for several years. After one of his tee shots he was unpleasantly surprised on being told by his caddie that he had found a bunker.

"There is no bunker there," said the golfer.

"Ay, that there is, and twa o' them, baith new anes," said the caddie.

"There must be a lot of new bunkers here," said the golfer. "I have counted six already."

"Oo, ay," replied the caddie. "They sprout in a nicht here, noo, just like mushrooms."

There is a picture in this book called "The Team of all the Talents." That was a description given by Mr. H. H. Hilton to a team of St. Andrews tradesmen that challenged the whole of Forfarshire and won by a hundred holes, or thereabouts. These golfers are mostly working men.

One of them, for example, easily recognised by his friends in the front of the picture, is Willie Greig. He was twenty years younger then, but I don't know whether he was any better golfer than he is now at the age of sixty-one.

Willie has been scratch for forty years, and I should be willing to "back" him against any other sixty-one-

THE "TEAM OF ALL THE TALENTS"—MAINLY COMPOSED OF ST. ANDREWS' ARTISANS.

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year-old golfer in Scotland or England or Wales or Ireland or America. I am not saying that I should back myself to beat Willie, and we are both about an age. I could have beaten him all right twenty or thirty years ago, but he has lasted extraordinarily well, and I don't know whether there are any scratch golfers—I am not speaking of plus golfers—in the Royal and Ancient Club who could beat Willie on the Old Course of St. Andrews.

He is a slater by trade, a hard-working man who may be seen any day in the streets of St. Andrews, moving his long ladders about on a barrow in the middle of them. He lives not very far from me, and when he is neither golfing nor slating you will find him gardening.

The other players in this picture include some open champions and some amateur champions of the bygone days, and perhaps the best thing I can do is just to leave the photograph as a sort of picture puzzle for old players to identify the faces.

In addition to the Royal and Ancient Club—to which tradesmen are not admitted—there are several golfing clubs in the city. The two best known are the New Club and the St. Andrews Club, situated close to the links—in fact, the reading-room window of the New Club overlooks the first tee and the last green of the Old Course.

It is never safe for the visitor to challenge any of the members without first ascertaining his handicap, as professionals and plus players are very common among them. Not very long ago a team of twenty-five wholly composed of plus and scratch men was got together for a golfing tournament.

I have travelled a good deal with my golf-clubs during the past fifty years, but nowhere have I seen golf played on such a scale as at St. Andrews, where practically everybody golfs. You may see any afternoon schools of boys and girls playing over the best courses in the world, without let or hindrance, and as many as half a dozen professional coachers teaching their pupils the gentle art of the golfing swing.

The coaches include Aytons and Auchterlonies. Busiest of all is Dan Ferguson, who gives special attention to girls' schools on the Eden Course. In fact, nearly all the pupils nowadays are girls. Boys mostly pick up the game for themselves.

Yet St. Andrews, like other places, has a fair share of duffers who have, unfortunately, been in no hurry to take up golf—"The nearer the kirk the farther from grace."

St. Andrews as it is to-day, in a golfing sense, differs from the St. Andrews of my boyhood and before that.

The whins you see dotted over the links are the remains of what was once a very whinny moor. Golf used to be played nine holes out and the same nine holes back, thickly lined on each side by whins that stood five or six feet high, so that the game had to be played well to keep a straight line, at the risk of losing balls by slicing or pulling. In the course of years these whins were destroyed, literally root and branch, only a reasonable quantity being left.

What is now the eighteenth green on the Old Course, was built up from a rubbish heap that had also served, at some time, as a burial-ground.

One medal day I was standing at the flag, seeing the couples in, which is my job, when Mr. Edward Blackwell, the famous amateur, came up to me. We talked for a few minutes about this fact that I have been stating, and I told Mr. Blackwell that my father, an old Crimean veteran, worked as a labourer at the making of this green. The workmen came upon a quantity of human bones and skulls in the banked-up right-hand corner opposite Forgan's shop.

"And what have you to say about that?" asked Mr. Blackwell.

"Just this, Mr. Blackwell," I said. "Mair than ba's hav' lain deid here."

CHAPTER X

CADDIE WIT AND HUMOUR

Wanted a "cuddie," not a caddie—Australian duffer's short cut hame—A chunk of turf to practise on—Donald Blue and "Stumpy Eye"—"The links is just like the wives"—Reading the newspaper upside down.

THE custom at St. Andrews is for the caddie superintendent to give the golfer a ticket, and for the golfer at the close of the game to hand this ticket over to the caddie so that he may collect his fee from the superintendent.

The caddying fee used to be 1s. 6d., but it has risen to 3s. since the war. It has always been a fixed amount. The tip may be anything.

Once a golfer gave his caddie nothing, and said to him, "Be here as soon after eight to-morrow morning as you possibly can, as I have got no number and must make an early start." The man's manner was bad, and it is to be hoped that the caddie's reply did him good.

Looking first at the ticket and then at his employer, the caddie, who combined fishing with caddying, said:

"You're no' feared to ask me to come off my yawl at that time in the mornin' for nae mair than my ticket. Na, na, sir, eichteen clubs for eichteen pence over seeven miles of ground as ye're in the habit o' playin'. I think I'll be better at the nets or under the blankets."

Caddies know their masters, and a golfer is wise who treats them well.

'Come along," a golfer shouted impatiently to his caddie, who lagged behind under a heavy load of wood and iron.

"I'm comin'," said the caddie, "but ye dinna expect a sheet o' lightnin' for eichteen pence, d'ye?"

Leaving the links one day, I met a small schoolboy carrying a cleek, which he said he had found. I told him to take it to Forgan's shop, where it would be put in the window among other articles "Found on the Links." The boy shook his head, and said he was going to take it to the man it belonged to, no doubt expecting a reward.

"What's his name?" I asked.

"Harry Vardon," said the youngster. "His name's on it. Where does he bide?"

"London," I said.

"You mean London where Madame Tussaud's is?" the boy asked, and looked very downhearted when I said, "Yes."

St. Andrews caddies are nearly all grown men. Sometimes they need to be strong men, to carry a heavy bag of clubs over four or five miles of the Championship course.

An old caddie, on being handed a by-ordinary heavy bag, started counting the clubs, and then said to some caddies near:—

"Six wooden and fourteen iron clubs! It's no' a caddie but a cuddie this man's needin'." (A "cuddie" is a donkey.)

In St. Andrews, as elsewhere, many golfers have their own favourite caddies, and will often engage them by letter or telegram, when arriving from a distance.

The Skipper was a good caddie in his day and a great character, well remembered by a past generation of golfers all over Scotland. A certain Major always employed him.

But on one occasion a travelling circus came to St. Andrews, and the Skipper did not turn up on the links that day. A caddie stopped him in the street and asked : "How'll the Major get on withoot ye this afternoon, Skipper ? "

" He canna expec' me tae work when there's an elephant in the toon. The Major's on the links twice every day, but an elephant's no' in St. Andrews wance a year."

Some caddies are teetotallers, but not many. Long years ago there was a caddies' competition at St. Andrews, and the first and second prizes were a turkey and a bottle of whisky. Two brothers were in the final, and one of them could have won with a five at the last hole. But he deliberately took seven, and remarked as he left the green :

" Jock can hae the turkey, the bottle o' whisky's mair in my line."

" Grass-hoppin' " is what the fishermen call caddying —hopping about the grass. Another term they have for it is " workin' on the land." The golfless Sundays of St. Andrews are rather a drag to the fisher-lads, who may often be come upon in out-of-the-way corners of the city playing pitch-and-toss. A clergyman walked into a company of caddies so employed. Their language was not intended for him to hear.

" David," said the minister, recognising a caddie who often caddied for him, " I am ashamed of you. Don't

you know it is wrong to play those games on the Sabbath, and worse still to swear as you did just now?"

"Ou, ay," replied the offender, adding after a pause, "But wha said 'D——n!' in the Principal's Nose yesterday?" (The Principal's Nose is a bunker.)

I don't know what the clergyman said then.

I knew a minister once who used to say that golf was a great test of self-control and that it helped to build the moral character. One day he had been going on at great length in this strain, when he pulled his ball among the whins, with no chance of finding it. He flew into a temper, flung his iron twenty yards and nearly struck his caddie on the head. I just looked at him.

"You may well look like that, Andrew," he said. "I'm better at preaching than practising. I've a good mind to break my clubs over my knees."

He got better when his caddie said to him, "Try sweerin', sir, it's a graun' thing for lettin' off the steam."

Some officers from the Channel Fleet, which was lying in the bay, came ashore for a round of golf. Two of them were playing on the New Course and were constantly losing their balls. A match coming up behind drew close, and one of the caddies, as caddies will, asked if they had lost a ball.

"No," said one of the officers, "we are searching for a torpedo."

The caddie set his wits working for a reply, and was not long in finding one.

"If you gang on this way," he said sarcastically, "you'll lose the hale Fleet afore you get hame!"

The officers could not but laugh, and I fancy they would not be so ready in future to give a flippant reply to an inquiring caddie.

Two golfers were starting out on a game, and were considering how to arrange the handicapping so as to make a good match. The caddie, Dauvit, who knew both their games, was consulted.

"Can I concede Mr. Brown a half?" asked one of the golfers.

The caddie gave a candid reply. To the surprise of the golfers he said:—

"Well, if you want to give him a half, the best place to do it at is Mason's Hotel, and the best time to do it is before you start. You canna gie him a half at golf, and Mason's micht be shut afore ye get back."

Another story with a similar point is the following.

A foursome was being played, when one of the winning players said to the other, "We only want to get halves now, partner."

One of the opponents turned to his caddie and said, "Halves won't do for us, though."

"Nae," said the caddie, "we maun hae glasses."

A well-known lady golfer may remember the remark a little caddie made to her on a windy day. Her hair was being blown about so that it interfered with her game, coming over her eyes and constantly needing to be tucked out of the way.

"I wish I had my hair short like yours on a windy day like this, little man," she said to her caddie, who sympathetically answered:—

"Weel, mum, if you gang up to the barber's, he'll cut it for you for fourpence."

A duffer was playing on the Old Course one day, tearing up slices of turf with every shot, greatly to the annoyance of his caddie, who had to be constantly stooping to pick up and replace the sods. At last the caddie could stand it no longer, and turning scornfully on the golfer, he said: "The happiest time this course kens, is when you miss the ba'."

Another caddie was trying to sell a ball, when his attention was directed to a likely purchaser, in the person of a very poor player. "Na, na," he said. "I'll no' sell him a ba', he's far better withoot ane."

I remember an old caddie whose humour was always very grim. They used to say of him that he had a grand face for funerals. The gentleman for whom he was carrying in a certain match stood in the unpleasant position of three down with only four to go. His opponent played a grand shot at the fourteenth hole, laying his ball a foot from the flag.

"It's all up now, I'm afraid," said the losing player to his grim caddie. "His ball is lying dead."

"Ay, so it is," said the caddie. "We micht ha' had a chance o' winnin' if it had only been himsel' that was lying deid."

Caddies always consider themselves to be one with the golfer they may be carrying for in a match. That is why they say, "We won such and such a hole," or "We lost such and such a hole." It is always "we."

In fact, after a match, one caddie will ask of another if "he" won, or "he" lost.

On the evening of a medal day, a number of caddies were standing at the paling talking over the play and the result. One of them sighed as he joined his cronies.

"Ah weel, the medal's awa' to the Ledyhead agin!"

"Ay," said another. "Everythin' gaen there this summer."

The meaning of this conversation was that the caddie carrying for the golfer who won the medal lived at Ladyhead, and although he had no more to do than to carry the medalist's clubs, his brother caddies regarded him in the light of the actual winner.

An Australian gentleman had just been telling his caddie where Australia was. He said that an iron rod thrust through the middle of the links would come out at the other end of the globe pretty near his home. The Australian played very badly, and left many a scar on the course as he went along.

"From the way you're hacking at the turf, sir, I'm thinking you're trying for a short cut hame," said the caddie, tired of replacing divots.

Young amateurs occasionally brag about what they can do. The night before Harry Vardon was coming to St. Andrews to play an exhibition match, at the time when his name was on every golfer's lips, two young tradesmen golfers came into St. Andrews Club and began telling of the wonderful shots they had made.

An old professional sitting by the fire lifted his head

and said, "I canna think why Harry Vardon's coming tae St. Andrews to mak' an exhibition o' himsel' when we've sich golfers here already."

Two matches were uncomfortably close to each other, and those behind were blaming those in front for going so slowly. A caddie in the second match called out to a caddie in front, "Can ye no' gang a bit faster, man?"

The reply he got was, "It's no' a runnin' match we're playing, it's a gowf match."

Caddies can be very polite when they like, and it is a mistake to think that they are always trying to be funny or to say cutting things. No man could wish for a better companion in a two hours' game than a good caddie who can see that the golfer is playing as well as he is able, and trying to follow whatever directions the caddie may give him.

An old fisherman, strangely enough, had never caddied till he was over seventy, and the first golfer he carried clubs for was a left-handed player. The fisherman teed up at the first tee where numbers of ladies and gentlemen were standing waiting their turn.

When the fisherman saw his employer address the ball from what appeared to him to be the wrong side, he hurried up and whispered, "Excuse me, sir. I don't want those people to hear me puttin' you richt, but golf's no' played that way. You maun come roond to the other side." Then the golfer explained.

"Dear me!" remarked a golfer to his caddie, as he tore up about a square foot of velvety turf. "Whatever

shall I do?" His concern was more for his own bad play than for the damage he was doing to the course.

"I think, sir, the best thing you can do is to tak' that chunk of turf hame with you and mak' a wee coorse for yersel'," was the caddie's sharp reply.

It was a very windy day and the caddie had been chasing all over the course to find the balls, as the golfer could not keep his shots straight. Upon his return to the shelter he said to the caddies assembled there, "G——d! But I've been daein' an awful lot o' travellin'."

Two caddies were walking behind two duffers who employed them. They had caddied for them before, and one caddie said to the other, "We're in for a terrible time. We'll no' be back for three or four 'oors. They canna hit the ball at a'!"

"Hit the ba'!—they couldna' hit a coo wi' a stick,' said the other.

The Jubilee Course at St. Andrews is well suited for practice on the part of people who are either just learning golf or are particularly anxious to improve their short game. It is situated nearest the sea. Of course the scratch golfer and the old-fashioned caddie look with some contempt at the short course.

An old caddie described a man he was carrying for in this way: "He's never been here before; he's no' feared either, for he's wantin' a roond wi' Andra Kirkaldy, an' him no' fit to play on the Jubilee Course."

The New Course lies between the Old Course and the Jubilee. The fairway is narrow in windy weather, and

a man must be a golfer who can keep the line. Before the Championship on each occasion it is the custom to close the Old Course for a time.

Two golfers were pulling and slicing very badly while playing on the New Course. One of the caddies said to the other, loud enough to be heard by the players, "I think we'd better tell them the Old Course is shut the noo."

"And muckle good that'll do," said the other. "I'm thinkin' they've been on the hale fower coorses." (The Eden, the Old, the New, the Jubilee.)

A visitor to St. Andrews showed his caddie a new kind of ball which had just come out. The caddie bounced it on the ground and bluntly said, "You micht as weel play wi' a neep." (Short for turnip.)

This same caddie is the hero of the coffin story.

The golfer he was carrying for chanced to drive a ball among some people who were walking along the course. One was a tall old man who wore a silk hat. The ball hit the hat and tore a hole in it.

Up came the owner to the golfer, shaking his fists and shouting, "I want a pound to buy another hat."

The golfer thought that was too much money, but the caddie changed his mind for him.

"Pay up," he said. "Ye micht have had to buy a coffin."

A great practical joker was Donald Blue, who caddied for fifty years at St. Andrews and was always up to some trick or another.

There used to be a half-blind caddie called "Stumpy Eye." When he took on a job, he would say, "I can

carry clubs a' day, sir, but ye'll hae to watch th' ba' for yersel'."

Stumpy Eye fancied himself as a player, and Donald Blue led him on in thinking so.

"You can drive a ball oot o' sicht," Donald would say, adding under his breath, "oot o' your ain sicht, Stumpy."

One day Stumpy challenged Donald to a driving match, and a dozen or more caddies came over to see it.

They tossed for the honour and Donald drew first. Stumpy was putting down a very old ball.

"No, no," said Donald, "that wudna' be fair. Tak' this new ba'."

"A' richt," said Stumpy, as Donald teed his ball. Stumpy let fly, but nobody could see where the ball went.

Then the caddies burst out laughing. There was the ball sticking in a flattened state to the head of Stumpy's driver. It was a ball of clay, made specially by Donald Blue, and painted and marked at one of the club-maker's shops to look like a real gutta.

Boys used to run after Stumpy in the street chanting :—

Oh, Stumpy! Oh, Stumpy!
We'll dae ye na harm,
Your cat wants a tail
And your mither wants an arm.

A dry old stick was Bobbie Greig. An Australian golfer gave him a scoring card on which to mark the strokes he took for the round. They played hole after hole, and the caddie had enough to do putting back the turf the Australian removed.

"Well, did you keep my score?" asked the golfer at the turn.

"No!" said Bobbie, "but I've kept coont o' the pieces o' turf ye've cut, an' I've put back a hundred and sixty-five, sir."

"You will keep the score next time," said the Australian. "I shall take a card out after lunch."

"Take my advice," said Bobbie. "Have two caddies; one to keep coont o' your shots and the other to put back the turf, or we'll hae no links t' play on!"

One of two very old golfers, lifelong rivals, found his ball lying badly in Hell Bunker. He played shot after shot without getting his ball out.

"That's ten more, and I'm d——d if I'll give up the hole," he said.

"Quite richt, sir," said Bobbie Greig, his caddie. "He micht drap doon deid before he holes out," referring to the opponent, who looked on comfortably from a good "lie."

A well-known Glasgow golfer, now no longer to the fore, was the late Dr. Robert Gourlay, a banker in the second city of the Empire. He was not a good player. In fact, his golf went from bad to worse. One day he asked his caddie, who did not know him, whether he had ever heard of such a bad player. The caddie thought a moment and then said, "Ou ay—wee Bobbie Gourlay."

It is sometimes dangerous to take caddies too far into your confidence, but it is not always easy to treat them distantly.

Quite a good golfer was going round a West of Scotland course at a holiday time, when a number of boys were carrying clubs who knew very little about the game.

This player's caddie kept on handing him the wrong club—a mashie when he wanted an iron, a brassie when he wanted a baffy, and so on. The player asked the boy if he had ever seen golf before.

"No," said the inexperienced caddie.

When the player's game got steadily worse, hole after hole, the boy turned to him and asked if *he* had ever played golf before.

"It doesn't look very like it," owned the golfer.

"That was what I was thinking," said the old-fashioned boy.

Stories are told of me that I have long forgotten. Here is one.

Mr. F. Kinloch relates that "Our Andra" was playing in a big match, when a little dog made itself very troublesome. I am said to have asked who owned the dog, and as the name given was the same as that of a doctor in St. Andrews, I remarked, loud enough for everybody to hear, according to Mr. Kinloch's account, "It's aye them doctors feshes oot dugs."

"Did I take my eye off the ball that time?" asked a poor player of his caddie.

"You're e'e aff? Ye never had it on the ba' at a' the hale way roond."

Caddies like nothing better than to take down an officious person. One of this class came rushing forward to the first tee about ten in the morning at St. Andrews, and inquired in a loud voice, "When is the next vacant number?"

"Four minutes past five," said a caddie standing near, without even raising his head.

"The course is very crowded to-day," said a would-be starter, who had no place on the ballot.

"There's a fine clear green for you oot yonder," said a caddie passing.

"Where?" asked the golfer.

"Oot yonder, on the sands," replied the caddie, pointing with his hand. "The tide's far back."

Caddies say very odd things occasionally on other subjects than golf. For example, one very cold day when the nor'-easters were biting like icy arrows, one caddie remarked to another, "It's like eatin' snowballs."

"Aye," replied the other, "it's awfu' cauld when the wind gets in atween your muffler and yersel'."

"I guess I'm in the bunker," said an American to his caddie at St. Andrews.

"You needna' guess anythin' aboot it, there you are! The next best thin' is to get oot the way ye came, for ye canna play forward."

"I think we'll get a half here," said a duffer to his caddie, meaning, of course, that he would be able to halve the hole.

"Ye couldna' do better," said the caddie. "It's a drouthy day."

A caddie asked of another what sort of player a stranger was he had been carrying for.

"Weel," said the caddie addressed, "I wouldna' like

to see him swingin' a club in yon china shop up in South Street; there wouldna' be a dish left on the shelves."

Apparently the golfer had a very full swing.

A caddie had given up his employer as a hopeless case. None of the advice he gave him was taken. The caddie began to show signs of impatience and disgust. Noticing this, the golfer said to him, "Are you feeling ill?"

"Ay," said the caddie, "I'm gey bad, but there's just twa or three mair holes noo, and I'll try and see ye oot."

A young professional said to another, in the New Golf Club at St. Andrews, "Playin' weel the dae?"

"Seventy-seven," was the reply.

"And what was ye comin' in?" queried the first speaker sarcastically.

A wet day costs the caddie money, and when a golfer remarked, "The course is needing rain badly," his caddie replied, "Yes, sir; so as to dae harm to nobody, a guid day's rain through the nicht would be a fine thing."

The rain came down about the ninth hole.

"D'ye think it will clear?" asked the golfer.

"Weel, sir, it has aye cleared yet," said the caddie.

There's an old saying in St. Andrews that two up and five to play never wins a match.

"Maybe so," said a caddie, "but twa up and wan to play aye wins."

The St. Andrew golfer likes to keep his mind on the game while he is playing. I once heard an old caddie say "A man canna talk muckle business at gowf, though he micht talk a heap o' gowf at business."

"How nice it is to hear these rooks calling to each other in the old fir-tree," said a visitor to a St. Andrews player who was giving him a game. The St. Andrews man paid no heed to the remark until the visitor repeated it, when he replied, "I canna hear what ye say for them d——d crows!"

A golfer who played in spectacles suspected his caddie of carelessness in the matter of searching for his ball.

"Are you short-sighted?" he asked him.

"No," said the caddie, looking at the golfer's face. "If I'd been short-sighted I'd hae been wearin' specs."

The quickness with which caddies find an apt remark has always amused me. A golfer, who had been pulling and slicing very badly, managed to hit with his drive a white notice-board asking players to replace the turf.

"Ay, man, I'm thinkin' you would dae better at the butts (targets) than at the gowf."

A groundsman, who had been a caddie in his day, was rather annoyed by a fussy individual who bothered him with questions about the upkeep of golf courses.

"Are you a married man?" asked the groundsman.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Aweel," said the groundsman, "the links is just like the wives. Nobody kens hoo to manage them, but them that's had to dae wi' 'em. They need to be humoured."

"I'm no' anxious to carry for that man this afternoon. Would you like the job?" said one caddy to another, who asked him for his reason.

"Just this," said the caddie. "He gi'e me three shillin's an' asked me for sixpence back."

I don't know whether the other caddie took the job or not!

An old caddie used to tell the story of a member of the Royal and Ancient who dreamt that he was going up to heaven on a ladder, the bottom of which rested on the first tee of the Old Course. Those who climbed the ladder had to get a piece of chalk at the starter's box, on the understanding that they should put marks on the side of the ladder to denote the tall stories they had told of their golfing performances.

The member who had this dream said that as he went up the ladder he met another member coming down, and asked him why he was in such a hurry.

"Oh," he replied, "I have come down for more chalk."

Groundsmen are constantly employed cutting out circular pieces of turf off the fairways with which to repair bared patches in the line of play.

A golfer trying, unfortunately for himself, to be funny, said to a groundsman so employed, "Are there not sufficient holes on the links already without you making more?"

The groundsman replied dryly, "Ay, but this size micht suit you better."

A teetotal wave passed over the caddies' quarters for a time. One said of another, "I suppose, Geordie, you've forgotten the taste o' whisky now?"

Another caddie replied, "He never kenned the taste o't, he got it doon ower quick."

A caddie who posed as a teetotaller was asked to have a drink.

"I wudna' mind," he said, "If I could keep it in its place."

"Pit it doon. That's its place."

"You'll ha' tae force me," said the "teetotaller."

Two visitors had been giving their caddies an extra lot of work owing to their bad play. In the afternoon their match happened to be passing another one going out, when a caddie called over to the visitors' caddies, "How are they gettin' on noo?"

The sly reply was, "Oot in seventy-eight, and nae worse comin' in."

Many years ago a patent hole tin was exhibited at St. Andrews. The idea was to make the ball jump up into one's hands out of the hole on a spring being touched.

The comment of a caddie was, "It's no' the gettin' o' the ba' oot o' the hole that's the deeficulty, it's the gettin' o' it in."

A caddie was trying to sell a club to a player who didn't want it and said he had one like it already, to which the caddie replied, "But a pair o' clubs is no' like a pair o' horses. The ain'll no' be eatin' onything while you're usin' the ither."

One caddie asked another what sort of a player a certain University professor was.

"A champion duffer," said the other. "I wish he was a' guid at the gowf as they tell me he is at learnin' the

students. It takes brains to make a gowfer, and I'm thinkin' the professor has no' got his fair share."

Several caddies were discussing the styles of the various golfers they had carried for, and they were giving a variety of striking illustrations. One asked: "Do you ken yon lang man over yonder?"

"Verra weel then, he just pops the ba' richt intae the e'e o' the sun every time. Neither he nor I can see whaur it gangs."

Caddies don't often make "bulls" on this side of the Irish Channel, anyway. But one I remember fell into a humorous blunder of this sort. The gentleman for whom he carried stood on the tee, well on in the game, making some very respectable swings.

"Ay," said his caddie, "ye can hit the ba' best when it's no' there."

"He has a good game in him," said a golfer of his partner, speaking to his partner's caddie, who replied, "Ah, weel, he keeps it a' there then."

A golfer told his caddie that he proposed to have an early lunch, so as to start out before the crowd, adding, "You can't play golf on an empty stomach."

To which the caddie replied, with a veiled hint, "An' ye canna' carry clubs on an empty stomach, either."

Two young professionals at St. Andrews were slanging each other a bit, when an older player turned to them and said, "Boys, the man that couldna' beat either o' you couldna' beat carpets."

A lady was hit by a golf-ball, but fortunately not hurt. The golfer hastened up to her with his apologies.

The caddie was in a different frame of mind.

"She spoilt a good shot," was his comment.

It's never easy for a caddie to stop away from the course. It draws them just like the rest of us. A well-known old fisherman turned up one day when it was known that his landlord was threatening to evict him for rent. He explained his arrival on the course in this way.

"I got tired sittin' i' th' hoose, so I just says to my boy Andra, 'I'm gaun oot, if they come for th' rent an' the key, gie them th' key.'"

A young professional was talking rather loudly of how he could improve the greens. A groundsman, overhearing him, muttered, "The only kind o' green you're fit to keep's a bleachin' green."

"Wait a bit, you'll kill some of these caddies," said a golfer to his opponent where players cross each other's path going to the seventh and eleventh holes. His own caddie remarked, "Play awa', sir, it'll no matter if yer kill ane or twa; they're gay rife the noo."

Many of the old-time caddies had no education whatever. One of these was sitting in the caddies' shelter on a stormy day with a newspaper on his knee, as if he were reading it. Another, who knew he could not read, told him the newspaper was wrong side up. The reply was, "Ony fool can read the paper the richt way, but it takes a good man to read it upside doon."

CHAPTER XI

THE MAKING OF A GOLFER

Swinging at nothing for a week—The Cambridge cricketer's reward of patience—Dangers of life-long ball-fright—Confidence and contempt for the ball—The evil of thinking of too many things at once—A new commandment: "Keep your 'mind's-eye' on the ball."

GREAT golfers are born. Good golfers are made. We cannot all be champions, still less can any of us hope to be a champion among champions, like Harry Vardon, or young Tom Morris before him. But we can be golfers in the real sense of the word. We can get the good of the game, which is the great thing to-day more than at any other day.

It is only necessary to begin in the right way and to continue on the right lines; always playing the game as it should be played, not merely thumping the ball about from one place to another, but driving it and pitching it in the way that is golf. Holes may be won occasionally by the mere slogger, but matches are won by the golfer.

Now there is a right and a wrong way of playing golf. Perhaps there is only a right way; for the wrong way is not really golf. I think I could tell a good golfer a mile away, if I could see his swing—the fullness of it at the top, the smoothness of it at the turn, and the swiftness of it at the ball.

If I saw a stranger drive 250 yards from the tee by mere physical force, against an opponent who drove 180 yards

easily and gracefully, I should not need to follow the pair five minutes to know who would win. Neither would you.

Golf would not be spreading all over the world to-day, enlisting recruits by thousands every week, and hardly ever knowing a deserter, but for the fact that we all own there is an art, or what we call in Scotland, a " nack " in the game, which we now and again get a taste of.

I don't know anything about Latin, but many years ago the late Andrew Lang—the poet of St. Andrews—wrote on a piece of paper for me these words : " Non vi sed arte." He also wrote the English, so as not to leave me in the dark. " Not by strength, but by art." I have that piece of paper in my desk still, but the writing is " gey " faded. There used to be a wonderful collection of letters in that desk, but the most of them disappeared after a spring cleaning.

Of course, Mr. Lang meant the words to refer to golf—and don't you think they fit the game well ? We were sitting on a mound near the Ginger Beer Hole at the time, and I remember making Mr. Lang laugh when I told him the story of an old woman who used to sell lemonade and ginger beer to the caddies.

There was a pump near at hand, and in very hot weather the caddies were so " drouthy " that they could not afford to keep on buying the pop, and would vary their drinks by going to the pump for water. The old woman, on discovering that the pump interfered with her business, took the handle off in the night.

Well, as I was saying, we can all be good golfers, and better than the majority, just because the majority will not put themselves to the trouble of learning to play in

a way that makes progress possible even down to scratch or plus.

If your style is altogether wrong, your handicap may come down fairly low by constant practice, but you will then discover that you have reached your limit too soon, and must go back a bit to begin again.

An old St. Andrews caddy left the town for a time to go somewhere in England. When he came back he said he had caddied for a gentleman on an inland course with a membership of "three hundred, and no' a scratch gowfer in it." That club was unfortunate. One or two first-class players might have set the whole of the members copying them, just as the assistants in a professional's shop always copy the professional.

Your golf is all the better for seeing the Amateur or the Open Championship; that is, if you do not make the mistake of watching the long flight of the drives instead of watching how the shots are made. The latter is the way to learn something useful.

Although no two professionals play exactly alike, yet the differences among them are not of any serious account. Genuine golf is there all the time for the onlooker to see. You may say Ted Ray and Sandy Herd sway as they drive. Perhaps they do; but only when they want to sway, and not because they sway in spite of themselves. They can make "swaying" serve their purpose, taking care that the timing is correct. Swaying is only bad because it is dangerous; and don't forget that men like Ray and Herd are laws to themselves.

If I had my fifty years of golf to live again, Harry Vardon might be my model. His brilliance is based on

sound methods that can be imitated. I do not say that his skill is within reach of all his imitators. I only mean that his style will take a man a very long way towards really good golf.

A young Cambridge cricketer came to me years ago and said he was going to Australia, and wanted to learn golf before going. He looked cut out for golf; tall, long-legged, long-armed and wiry. I thought he would be an apt pupil.

"I can hit a cricket-ball," he said, "but a golf-ball beats me. It is much smaller and it is stationary, whereas a cricket-ball is struck in motion."

I put an iron in his hand and a ball in front of him. He hit like a cricketer.

"That'll never do," I said. "You'll have to forget all about cricket when you are playing golf."

He said he would be a week in St. Andrews, and asked me to give him an hour's lesson twice a day for that time, promising to pay strict attention to what I should tell him.

"It'll take ye a' yer time," I said to him, "because it'll be very tedious work."

He didn't mind that, so long as there was a chance of being some sort of a golfer at the end of the week, with an idea of the game he could work on afterwards.

On the first morning he produced a box of balls he had bought, and was stripping the paper off one when I said to him: "No need to do that. We're going to play golf without balls for five out of the six days."

He looked astonished, but had sense enough to know that I knew best what to do.

"Remember," I said, "not one shot at a ball out of my sight till I say the word!"

"Bargain!" said the Cambridge man, and I knew he would keep to it.

Well, I kept him swinging all the two lessons of the first day, just as if golf had nothing to do with the hitting of a ball.

"Just swing," I said, "and don't worry even about the ground you're standing on. Swing in the air, swing, swing, swing!"

Of course I showed him how to stand, how to grip the club and how to swing. Sometimes he would ask me to swing seven or eight times, as he watched me. Then he would take hold of the club and imitate me.

Next I made him lay the club-head on the ground and swing so that he skimmed the grass as he came down, always going the full way round. I did not ask him to hit a daisy, a piece of paper, or anything at all; just swing!

Next we came to the brassie, the baffy, the cleek, the iron, the mashie and the putter in their turn, and still without a ball to tell him anything about his progress. On the last day I was still directing him to swing the driver, when I teed up a ball in front of him, telling him still to swing in the same manner, and pass through the ball on the way as if it were a mere bit of fluff. He made as fine a drive as I could have wished for myself. And kept on making them!

"Now," I said to him, "if ever you go off your game, take an hour or two at swinging without ever thinking about the ball."

LIBRARY

FIRING THE GUN AT THE CLOSE OF A MEDAL DAY.

THE FINISH OF A CHARACTERISTIC KIRKALDY SWING.

To face p. 192.

Why, you ask, did I teach golf in this way? Because the beginner should never be allowed to form bad habits or to get what I call ball-fright. If you put a ball down to him at first, he will think only about hitting it instead of thinking of how he should hit it. Of course he will make a succession of miserable attempts, and go from bad to worse. Ball-fright has taken hold of him, and you can find golfers of twenty years' experience still afraid of the ball. They never know what a shot is going to be like till they see it, and too often it is not worth seeing.

That is why golfers talk so often about being able to swing all right when there is no ball. Had they only learned thoroughly how to swing, so that they could not forget it, the ball would never have worried them in the least.

This sounds all very easy, you say; almost like finding a royal road to golf. All the better for you if you think it is easy. A bit of contempt for the ball, not too much, is a very good thing. You cannot play scratch golf, or better, till you are as full of confidence as an egg is full of meat.

I have said before that the opinions I am giving are my own—the result of long experience and study of golf. You must keep this in mind, and I know that my brother professionals, whether they agree with me or not, will allow that I have a right to say what I think and to think what I like.

Every golfer knows that the reading of books telling him how to play very often puts him off his game, and very seldom does him much real good. I agree with Taylor, who has written a good book which might have borne the title, "The Making of a Golfer," when he says

that personal tuition by a capable professional is most necessary, especially at the beginning of one's golf, and still necessary after that, when a player's game seems to have reached a stage beyond which there is no improvement. But I differ from most professionals in the way in which they teach the game. Very likely they will also differ from me.

I want to be very personal with you all here, because I want to do some real good to the large body of golfers who would be prepared to confess that their game has not improved very much for ten or more years. This is certainly not as it should be.

Now the great difficulty appears to me to be that men who are anxious to improve their game get into a muddled state of mind. They think of far too many things at once, instead of settling down to one or two simple principles. The stance and the swing are all I want you to trouble your head about until you have advanced far enough to think of other things, and then you must be very careful, as it is extremely easy to attach too much importance to what might be called the "fine points" of the game.

How often—how very often—have you driven a fine long ball just at that moment when you were thinking nothing at all about the way in which you drove it. That is what we are all aiming at—automatic golf. You have tried to repeat that drive, remembering how easily the ball left the club, so that you hardly felt the shot. But the very effort at repeating it spoilt it. You had become too self-conscious, and if you analyse your mind, it will be found that you have no faith in your ability to do it again.

I want you to have a clear idea how a good drive is

made, and I want you to stick to that idea as soon as ever you have seen good results from it.

Do not—for heaven's sake do not—start by asking yourself whether the club-head is coming back from the ball parallel with the ground eight, nine, ten, eleven or twelve inches ; whether you are taking the club away with the left hand, so that the left wrist turns under the shaft ; whether the club at the top of the swing lies somewhere near the nape of the neck, parallel with the ground, while the head points downwards like a pear ; whether at this point the right leg is stiff with the weight of the body thrown on it ; whether the left knee is bent towards the right leg, and the left heel raised with the ball of the foot firm on the ground ; whether, in the act of coming down, you bring all the speed of the club to the ball when about nine or ten inches from it ; whether the weight of the body is then thrown on the left foot ; and whether, after the ball is hit, the club flies round over the left shoulder with the eye looking at the place which the ball left, and whether during all these contortions the head has remained still enough to balance a ball on top of your cap.

Bosh ! Utter bosh ! I call all this, so far as teaching the game of golf is concerned. Half of us professionals wouldn't have known anything about these details of the swing but for the services of the camera in pointing them out to us. And none of us could have ever played any golf if we had started off thinking of such things.

That is why I have often heard people say—and I dare say I might have often heard you say—" I feel, after reading books, that my golf becomes a mixture of Vardon

here, Taylor there, Braid somewhere else and myself nowhere."

Get away from all such miseries! Take up your club and learn to swing without jerking and without stiffness, most of all without doubt. Be patient for a week, until you know that the art of swinging has been mastered by you. Ask no more questions until your handicap is down to single figures. By this time you may be able to adopt some useful hint or another, but, as I have said before, be very careful lest the game you have acquired goes all to pieces through your trying to graft on it some of the ideas put before you by great golfers who are laws unto themselves.

I never knew a great professional golfer yet who took a course of lessons. He always believed in himself more than he believed in anybody else. He may have unconsciously copied a better player than himself, but as a rule his skill at the game has been due to natural swinging. I could harp on this subject for a long time, because I am thoroughly convinced that thousands of golfers to-day have had their game hopelessly ruined by neglecting simple first principles.

You can stand at a club window any day and watch boy caddies swinging with little clubs or sticks cut from the woods, and you will envy their styles. It is not enough to say that they are very young and their muscles are very supple. You can do the same thing—unless you are tied up with rheumatism—if only you can rid your mind of the crippling idea that a golf-ball can only be hit properly if nine or ten things are borne in mind in the act of hitting it.

The caddies, whose swinging excites your envy, are the

Vardons, Taylors, Braids, Herds and Mitchells of the next generation. These great men, excepting perhaps Mitchell, were caddies once, and they played as well at the age of twenty-five, before the market was flooded with books teaching the art of golf, as ever they have played since. They played naturally, with never a thought of ball-fright in their minds.

I know a man, Colonel Ingols by name, who has told me fifty times that golf has been a mental agony to him ever since he read books about how to play it. He was a good golfer before that accident befell him. He is now doing his utmost to forget all he ever read, in the hope of recovering his lost form. If you were to put a book before him on the rudiments of golf he would shiver at the sight of it.

Somebody told me the other day that a whole book had been devoted by an American writer to putting. L——d preserve us! What is this game of golf coming to? A toil or a pleasure?

I once played with a gentleman who frankly confessed that he never had a club in his hand before. Nevertheless he believed he could make a fair show with an iron club all the way round. Thinking he might take up an unusual amount of my time in going round, he very kindly offered to double my fee.

Regarding him as a sport, and as there was "naething daein'" that day, I took him on, giving him two strokes a hole. If I remember rightly, I only won on the last green. But that is not the point I am making. Whether I beat him, or he beat me, doesn't matter.

This is what matters. He putted better than I did

all the way round, and I don't know that I ever saw any man putt like him.

A friend of his came round with us, and on the first green he bet a shilling that "Mr. X." would not put the ball in the hole from a distance of 12 or 15 feet. He lost the shilling.

On the next green he made the same bet when the ball lay 15 or 16 feet from the hole. He lost the shilling. On the next green the ball lay 12 feet from the hole. He betted double or quits. He lost the lot.

This went on so often that the betting stopped. "Mr. X." must have gone round the course without taking more than three putts for two greens from distances of 15 or 16 feet.

Now, fancy anybody telling this man to go and buy a book on putting. Whether he continued playing golf, I don't know, but I do know that if he did he never putted any better. I think I might say, without much risk of being wrong, that he never putted so well again.

The point is, that he regarded putting as something he could do. And he did it. If you look upon putting with fear and trembling, well, the pixies that dance about the greens will turn your ball to one side or another when it is going straight for the hole.

When you are off your putting, depend upon it "nerves" have much to do with it. You want tuning up, and you must be your own "tuner." Pull yourself together. Hole-fright on the green is like ball-fright on the tee. Remember a putt of a yard has the same value as a drive of three hundred yards. Once the ball is in the hole, that's the end of it.

Willie Park was a wonderful putter, as Harry Vardon learned in their great challenge match years ago. He

expected to hole every putt he tried, no matter how long or short ; and no man ever missed fewer. Vardon's putting, as I have said before, went all to the bad with the rubber-cored ball ; so much so that I said to him one day : " Harry man, you could not putt that ba' into a wash-tub."

Now I do not want to waste a lot of words on the subject of the " Making of a Golfer," because my aim is to get the learner or medium player into the right frame of mind, with just one or two rock-bottom principles to guide him, and not a crowd of ideas to bewilder him.

Confidence and concentration, a free swing and a correct stance, should be just about all you need until your handicap begins to drop within a few strokes of scratch. By that time it may be safe for you to read some of the books, because then your style will be sufficiently formed to apply good ideas. You will have sense enough to know just what might be useful to you, and to leave severely alone things you do not need to learn.

If these remarks of mine have had the effect of restoring to you confidence you may have lost, I shall be greatly pleased. If, on the other hand, you are sceptical of my simple theories, well, all I can ask of you is to give them a trial, and I promise you the best results.

I am jealous for the game of golf. I want it to be what it has always been to me, a tonic to the nerves and the health generally. You cannot derive any good from the game by torturing yourself with theories that simply tie you into a knot.

Blow them all away. Shake them from your shoulders. Go up to the ball like a man who means to play the game for the game's sake, and don't place yourself in the pitiable

condition of looking round after a shot to ask a grinning little caddie, "How the devil did I do that? What did I do wrong?"

The caddie will tell you something you ought to have known for yourself. He will very likely tell you what he tells everybody else; either that you dropped your shoulder or that you didn't have your eye on the ball—and all the rest of the stock stuff.

I have stopped short when teaching golf and said to a pupil, "Now you've got the idea, be sure and keep it. You've only had fifteen minutes, but we'll let that do to-day. One thing at a time. Just content yourself with what you've got in the meantime."

In my time I have put hundreds of golfers through the first stages of the game. Many of them have done well afterwards. Others did not go very far. My daughter Mary and I once played a two-ball foursome with a gentleman and his daughter. We were beaten. Mary said it was my fault for scolding her when she made an indifferent shot.

The gentleman had written asking me to arrange a mixed foursome. He told me I gave him a course of lessons twenty-five years ago, and that we had never met since. He played about as well as I did, and I recollected that he shaped well from the first, a quarter of a century ago. He told me that I said then he had the making of a golfer in him.

It is not every man that has great golf in him. The teacher can soon find out whether he has or not. There is something peculiar about golf that makes it different from other games. I know an amateur who belongs to the first dozen in the country, and might win the Amateur

Championship any day. Yet he confessed to me that he was the worst billiard player he had ever seen.

Speaking of the "Stance" in golf, my idea always was to get the pupil to stand right, open to the ball, when he could swing freely and swiftly. There is more in the "Stance" than most people imagine. That's why I am having it printed with a capital S every time.

It is very difficult for a beginner to plant his feet correctly. He is very apt to move a little in front or a little behind. Nearly always when a man says he swung badly, he ought to say that he stood wrongly. When I see a man shifty on his feet—a sort of polka player, first on the heel then on the toe—I know what to expect.

No greater mistake could be made by any beginner than to start playing matches right away, forming bad habits that will be hard to get rid of. It is for this reason that one often sees on the best courses many golfers who have been playing for years still making lots of bad shots. They have not taken the pains to lay the foundation with a good style.

Take a player of 10 or 12 handicap. He says: "I am swinging all wrong." Hundreds of such cases have been cured in a quarter of an hour by the simple remedy of putting their Stance right.

Have you ever been afflicted with Stance fever? We are all liable to get it. It is like socketing. Nobody knows how he gets it, and everybody knows the difficulty of getting rid of it.

I saw Herd once playing at St. Andrews, and he was clean off his driving, to his great annoyance. I went up to him and said, "Sandy, your Stance is all wrong.

Stand a little more behind your ball and let yourself get round."

He did as I told him and recovered his driving in a few shots. If you do not stand right you cannot time your shot. That is the whole story. When you see Herd waggling six times and changing his Stance a little at every waggle before he hits the ball, what is he doing? He's finding his feet and getting his Stance right.

Generally speaking, if the Stance is right the swing will soon be right. I am a great believer in the free use of the right hand when driving a ball. The left hand goes through with it, but the right hand does the driving, with the right shoulder coming on well behind the ball.

I know there are two schools of driving: those who say the left drives and the right guides, and those who say, as I say, that the right is the driving hand. We are all equally possible, because the results are about as good one way as the other in the case of professionals; just as the overlapping or the interlocking grips are as good and perhaps no better than the St. Andrews grip, which has nothing new fangled about it.

Some professionals were in argument about the Stance outside a club-house in Ireland some years ago, and a number of gentlemen listened to the argument. Of course I was in it and placed the Stance before everything. In the end one of the professionals bet me half a sovereign that I could not prove my theory. We went on the lawn and several of the amateurs formed themselves into a jury.

I placed my challenger's feet one on a level and one on a little raised bank, and asked him to show me how he

could swing. It was an extreme example, but it proved my point in a way.

Then I asked him to stand and swing in his own style. He made a fine drive, for his Stance was exactly what I had been saying it should be. Then I shifted his feet an inch or two and asked him to drive. His shot was partly pulled and partly smothered. The jury gave me the verdict and the half-sovereign.

It is the same for all shots. Pains taken with the Stance are well spent. A stiff left arm for the iron and a firm grip, all will be well if the Stance is right. In putting, stand straight to the hole; don't cut any capers. A good honest, business-like Stance is all that is necessary.

When a man feels confident on his feet, he is going to hole his putt. When he feels he is going to miss the putt, it is because his Stance gives him no confidence.

I know an amateur golfer to-day, Mr. R. H. de Montmorency, who goes up and swings at the ball, exactly in the manner you ought to do. I don't know if Mr. Montmorency ever had any lessons or ever read any books about golf, but I do know that he is the greatest amateur in England to-day, and that he might win the Amateur Championship—and the Open Championship too—if only he would enter for them.

It is a pure delight to see Mr. Montmorency doing what he likes with the golf-ball. Many a chat I have had with him, and others who know him will agree with what I say.

"Why don't you go in for the Championships? You would be champion," I said to him the last time we met at St. Andrews.

"I am too busy at that time of the year, Andrew," he said. "I cannot get away."

I believe Mr. de Montmorency is a master at one of the great schools in England.

"It is a great pity," I said, "that you cannot compete, because everybody knows that you ought to have been champion several times already."

Mr. de Montmorency only smiled, like a man who was more concerned about a good game of golf than Championships.

The last time he visited St. Andrews I followed him round. He is the only amateur I have ever followed round several times for the sheer pleasure of watching him play. He has in his bag all the shots known to the professionals.

He always seems to me to play the shots correctly, not so much from thinking how to play them, as because he is determined to "get there." I should say he sees the nature of the shot as if he had played it when he is addressing the ball.

His concentration is perfect, and his confidence is of the great smiling sort. There is no one I can think of who plays so brilliantly and with so much evident pleasure as Mr. Montmorency. The card does not worry him. I shouldn't imagine he gives it a moment's consideration.

Mr. Montmorency is finely built for golf. There is not a stiff joint about him, and that awful thing "temperament" ought to be quite satisfied with him.

A chat with Mr. de Montmorency is one of the things I look back to with pleasure, and I should never miss the joy of another one if the chance came my way.

The late Freddie Tait was a pupil of mine. A framed picture of him hangs in the room where I sit o' nights,

bringing the old times back again in dreams. Freddie died for his country. He fell in the Boer War, and he is the hero of St. Andrews to-day. His picture is shown in the shop windows and hangs on hundreds of walls. Folk who have not been to St. Andrews can hardly understand what a hold golf has on the place. There's not a child in St. Andrews but has heard of Freddie Tait.

I was proud of him. His golf was a treat to watch for power and perfect timing. He never for a moment doubted—and neither did I doubt—the result of the shot he was making. He, too, seemed to see it finished while he addressed the ball. I used to say he could pitch into a broth plate.

Freddie's "temperament" was just this—"I can and will win." He took victory as a matter of course, and if defeat came instead no man ever more heartily congratulated an opponent. He neither believed in good nor bad luck. He either won or lost. That was all.

The first time Freddie Tait beat me level, he asked himself whether he'd ever beat me again.

"Often," I said. And he did. Freddie was a born golfer, built for it in every way.

There is the true story of Freddie going on the links one day and proving that his father, Professor Tait of Edinburgh, was wrong when he put a certain limit on the length of a golf drive.

I was playing in front of Freddie that day, and took part in the measuring of his record drive of 340 yards with the gutta ball. The carry was 270 yards, carefully measured. I had never seen the rubber core driven within 50 yards of Freddie's drive on that occasion.

It was a crushing clout, and I'd like to have seen a photograph of Freddie's swing when he let everything go in making it. There was no ball-fright in that swing, I'll warrant you—a thing many golfers suffer from.

I was making a little pitch shot to the green of the thirteenth hole—called the Walkenshaw, after a bunker of that name—and looking back saw a ball come up to my feet.

"Where did that come from?" I asked.

About a hundred yards back they were searching for Freddie's ball.

"Come on, here's the ba'," I shouted. It was lying in a hollow in the corner of the green.

"Lord, man!" I said to my partner, "Freddie's performin' miracles the day!"

Every one was so struck by the prodigious length of the drive that we all stopped playing and sent a caddie for a tape-line. Freddie wanted to go on with the game, but I put up my hand and said, "Ye're no' in sich a hurry as a' that, Mr. Tait. Ye're makin' history, man."

He said nothing about what his father might say when the Professor learned that his calculations had been upset by his own son, who had that day driven much further than the Professor "proved" to be possible.

I have seen that hole played scores of times by the longest drivers, professional and amateur, with the rubber-cored ball, but devil the one ever came near Freddie's drive with the gutta.

His father, the Professor, once went out with me to the second hole of the Old Course to time the speed of a golf drive. He went on in front and stood with his watch in his hand and, although I did not know what

exactly he was getting at or what was the use of his experiment, the professor took notes and seemed to be pleased.

I ought to add about Freddie's record drive that the weather conditions were certainly in favour of a long shot. He was driving down wind, and the ground was a little frozen. But the conditions have been the same since for many a big smiter, without anything like the same results.

So Freddie's gutta drive of twenty-five years ago stands, so does his carry of 270 yards with any ball, if I am not mistaken. Let Ted Ray, Abe Mitchell, Jimmy Braid, or any other that you care to name, take ten rubber-cored balls and try to equal that carry. I'll wager none of them does it.

Freddie Tait's grip was the old-fashioned "V" shape without any overlapping; like Mr. Ball's grip and Sandy Herd's. Freddie won the Amateur Championship twice, once at Sandwich and once at Hoylake, but never at St. Andrews.

The grip does not make a golfer, but changing about with it has made many a man uncivil to his bairns when he came home from the links—downhearted and disgruntled.

Many's the summer evening game Freddie and I played at St. Andrews, and I had my work cut out to beat him oftener than he beat me. We also took part in good old-fashioned two-ball foursomes. He liked me to be on the other side. Once he had a yard putt for a 3 to do the Old Course 31 out—a great performance, I tell you.

If he had got the yard putt down he would have done a score that would have stood till this day, twenty years afterwards. His 32 out on the Old Course squared with the 32 of my brother Hugh.

My own score over the Old Course of 68 is not counted a record, because I did not play with a card. My opponent then was Captain Haig, a relative of the great Field-Marshal. The score was reported to the Secretary of the Club. We got a card after the game and filled in the holes. Captain Haig signed it in Forgan's shop.

The night before my match with Willie Park for £100 a side, Freddie Tait came over to me and said, "Andrew, let us play six holes out and six holes in. It will be a bit of practice for you."

It was after dinner in those long summer nights we have at St. Andrews. About a dozen of the members came out to watch us. I can almost smell their cigars now as they followed us over the soft turf.

Folk who have seen St. Andrews at its summer best—maybe looking back many miles and years—will feel a touch of pain at the heart, wishing they could live those glorious times again. Once St. Andrews gets its grip on you, there's no breaking away. For myself I never was and never could be really happy anywhere else.

Many young St. Andreans are striking out for themselves in these days, mostly making for America.

I bade my son Davie go, though it caused an "awfu' steer" in the house. I just said to his mother, "The world's before him and behind me. Let him make the best of his time now, and when he's my age he'll not regret it. So dry your tears. There's mair to be thankful aboot in this world than to greet aboot."

Then Nero my dog and I went out to look for anything that might turn up.

But the grip of St. Andrews has dragged me off the

line; I mean the twelve-hole match with Freddie Tait—the greatest I ever played. He did the first six holes in 22, and witnesses who read this will remember the excitement. The first six holes are perhaps the longest in the Old Course. I took 23, and Freddie turned one up. He took 24 going back and I took 24, so that his score was one stroke better than mine. He also beat me by one hole, after being all square and 2 to go. Freddie holed the seventeenth in 3, a bogey 5. I took 4. We halved the last hole in 3 each.

These were the days when both of us felt we could drive out of sight, approach along a rifle range and putt into an egg-cup.

"Andrew," said Mr. Tait to me afterwards, "I'm sorry for Willie Park to-morrow."

"Ay, Willie's in for it this time, Mr. Tait," says I. "I wish the mornin' was here that I micht get at him."

As a last word, let me say nothing is worse for anybody's golf than to slavishly copy the styles of all the better players one sees or reads about. A man must believe in himself as far as possible, making the most of his own natural style. Hardly two first-class golfers play alike. Take Vardon, Taylor, Braid and Herd. Could any four men get the same grand results by such different methods? And yet there is very little to choose between them, although, of course, Vardon is very likely the most graceful player that ever swung a club, at any rate, since the days of Young Tommy Morris—the greatest golfer the world ever saw, in my repeated opinion.

Here is a new commandment for you:—

KEEP YOUR "MIND'S EYE" ON THE BALL!

CHAPTER XII

THE "NINETEENTH HOLE"

The King who prohibited golf—Why Lady Wolverton declined to "miss the globe"—I advise Abe Mitchell to become professional—Some great Amateur Championship finals—Mr. Hilton, "Napoleon swinging a club"—Three great caddies, Pawky Corstorphine, Big Crawford and John Fiery.

EVERY golfer knows what is meant by the "Nineteenth Hole," which is never done in less than "two." There is no Bogey for it. I am calling this last chapter in my story by that name, because I could not think of a better.

Looking back on what I have written, I feel like a mason who, after building a house, finds enough bricks left to build, say, an outhouse; or, like a harvester who has left enough corn behind him, to feed a family on porridge for a week.

I am hoping that the stories I have still to tell are worth telling. It would give the printers too much trouble to fit into previous chapters the things that still come into my mind.

I may have said something of the sort before in this book, but there's no harm in saying it again. The man that invented golf, if you could give him a name, deserves to have his headpiece on every medal and cup played for.

The late Andrew Lang used to talk to me about the start of golf; where it came from and how it was first

played, but he could never tell me the name of the inventor, though I often asked him that.

I suppose the discovery of such a grand game was too much to expect of any one man. Golf just came into existence some way or another, and it was left to Scotsmen to bring it before the notice of the world.

Mr. Lang told me of a King of Scotland—one of the Stuarts, I think—who made a law to stop "gowf," because it took the young men away from their bows and arrows. If any king or president tried to put into force such a law to-day, I'm thinking there would be a fine hullabaloo.

But I must clip my wings and keep to the stories. I have told of fishermen carrying clubs at eighty. I mind Old Tom Morris telling me that he played about with golf-clubs for eighty years; "Ever since I was a toddler of five, Andra," he would say.

At the age of sixty-four he went round the Old Course in 81, without taking 6 at any hole; at seventy-one he won a medal competition from a handicap of 5. His gross score was 83, and his net score 78. Willie Auchterlonie, who won the Championship that year, took 86.

The Grand Old Man of Golf still played well after his eightieth birthday; but he said to me: "I canna get through quick enough, noo, Andra." He was, however, better then at short putts than in his prime, when Mr. Wolfe Murray addressed a letter to him: "Tom Morris, Misser of Short Putts."

One day, as I was standing on the last green, a caddie came up to me and said: "D'ye ken hoo auld that leddy is that I've been caddying for? She's just telt me she's

eichty." I spoke to her and said: "Are ye feelin' tired, my leddy?" She looked up and said: "Oh! tired? No. Golf does not tire me. It refreshes me. I am going out again in the afternoon."

True enough, I saw her on the tee again, and pointed her out to some of the members standing about the club-house. "Just look at her," they said; "she steps it out like a young woman."

I could tell of another old lady, between seventy and eighty, who came to St. Andrews every year for a golfing holiday, and played astonishingly well.

One day she said to me: "Andrew, I'm sorry my driving's not so good as it used to be." "Well, my leddy," I said, "you and I are not so young as we once were."

"Speak for yourself, Andrew," she replied, laughing.

So you see golf is not only an old man's game. It is also an old woman's game. We can almost play golf as long as we can see and walk.

The young women are already coming very close up to the best of the amateurs. Miss Cecil Leitch, for example, can drive as far as many scratch players, and her play in other departments of the game is good enough for anybody. Maybe we'll see the Amateur Championship won by a woman yet.

When ladies first began to play golf, the Misses Kyle and Lady Margaret Scott—three times Lady Champion—were the best of the few seen on the St. Andrews links. I used to try to give Lady Margaret a stroke a hole, and when I beat her there was an extra half-sovereign from her father. "So that you may not let her down lightly," he would say. Once I played a whole week with her,

two rounds a day. She was a beautiful golfer, with the prettiest swing I ever saw, and could drive her gutta 130 or 140 yards, always gracefully.

The first time I saw Miss Cecil Leitch play at St. Andrews she was about fifteen or sixteen years of age. I followed her round in a match, and said afterwards that she would be Lady Champion one day. Even at that age she finished in the first eight.

Once a lady golfer declined my advice for a sporting reason. Lady Wolverton was my partner in a foursome against Lord Dudley and another. We were all even, and one to go. Our opponents put their second shot into the bunker. I said to Lady Wolverton: "Now, my lady, miss the globe."

"No, Andrew," she said, "I'm going to be a sportsman. I shall have a go at it."

She put me into the bunker. The ball lay in an unplayable position, and we lost the hole and the match. Strictly speaking, her ladyship was right. I was perhaps too keen that time for her sake, as I fancied there was a good bit of money on the match.

Lord Dudley has often talked to me since about that game and the advice I gave Lady Wolverton to "miss the globe." Only a year ago I met her ladyship in St. Andrews. She shook hands with me, and reminded me of that foursome.

"Aye, my lady," said I, "if you had taken my advice you would have won that match." But her opinion was still the same. "Perhaps so," she said, "but there's nothing like playing the game and being a sportsman." (I did not argue the point, as she had a better case than I had. Forbye, I never argue with a woman. I have

been married close on thirty years. A man learns something in that time.)

Professionals play best about thirty, as a rule, although many amateurs will tell you that they have gone on improving after fifty. These are generally moderate players who manage to keep comfortably within single-figure handicaps. The strain is distinctly felt on the scratch or plus mark, as the years go by and younger men come on to make the pace.

I think Vardon's performance at fifty in America recently, when Ted Ray just managed to snatch the Championship from him, was a great credit to Harry and a great testimonial to golf.

Jock Hutchinson—one of the finest golfers St. Andrews ever gave to America—saw that final 72-hole struggle, and said to me when he was over in Scotland lately: "Vardon was never off the pin for a single shot, while all the other professionals very often left the fairway, Ray among them. There came a gust of wind towards the end, and Vardon got exhausted. At the close he sat down and said: 'I could not play another hole. I'm fairly done.'"

Hutchinson added: "There is not another golfer in the world like him, Andrew, young or old. His straight driving made me gasp."

Ray is nearly ten years younger than Vardon, and he is very certain to win more Championships, though up to date his record is not to be compared with the performances of Vardon, Taylor and Braid at his age. I expect great things from Ray yet. You never know what Ted is going to do. He has a game in him that

should enable him to beat any of them; but he does not always bring it out. He will be a long time young.

Rough weather has no terrors for him. It does not matter much to Ray where the ball goes, so long as it is playable. He is quite capable of driving a ball as far with his niblick as many would drive from a bad lie with the brassie.

His putting is consistently good. Ted is the best-natured fellow among us all. Golf to him, no matter what the stakes may be, money or Championship honours, is always a game which he plays for the love of it and the pleasure of it. You never saw him nervous or in any way excited. At any rate, I never did.

Ray's start dates to the end of the gutta-ball period, when Ben Sayers and I beat him and Sherlock in an international match at St. Andrews. I said to him then: "If you dinna become a champion, Ray, you ocht tae bury yersel' in a bunker. A' coorses are short tae you."

Ray laughed and replied: "Length and strength are not everything."

"True," I said, "but they're baith weel worth havin'. It's a gran' thing to have a close look at the flag for your approach. Nine in every ten champions are strong men, and the tenth is nae weaklin'."

How much farther Abe Mitchell will go it is hard to tell. The best match I ever saw him play was against Mr. Edward Blackwell, who was the longest driver of his day. It is rather curious that two "Teds"—one an amateur and the other a professional—should stand out as great hitters. Mitchell was then an amateur, working as a gardener and chauffeur.

I followed the match all the way. Both men played grandly, and Abe made Blackwell play the odd pretty often. Although Mitchell had an average of 4 for sixteen holes, Blackwell beat him 3 up and 2 to go. They walked in together, chatting over the game, and Mr. Blackwell spoke very encouragingly to Mitchell.

Abe said to me: "Andrew, do you think it would be worth my while becoming a pro?"

I said: "Yes. You will soon make a name for yourself, and then the money will come."

"I am only a working fellow," said Mitchell, "and I may just as well become a pro, because I cannot afford to go in for golf merely to win medals. I need money."

After that he joined our ranks, and I think the advice I gave him has proved good.

I was playing with Willie Auchterlonie as my partner in a match against Mr. Blackwell and Mr. Tait, when Mr. Blackwell did the eighth hole in one, and there and then gave his caddie the price of a bottle of whisky. We lost the hole in two.

That was a match I shall never forget. Two longer drivers than Mr. Tait and Mr. Blackwell could not be found anywhere then or now. We played with the gutta ball, and I have not often seen the rubber-cored ball go farther. The amateurs were 5 up at the turn, and their best ball was 37. They had a putt at every hole for 3. A big crowd followed us round, and it looked as if the amateurs were going to smother Auchterlonie and me.

We set our teeth and managed to get even with them at the seventeenth. "It's a good match that comes to the burn," as Old Tom Morris always said. Whether

"OLD DAW" AND HIS STALL AT THE GINGER BEER HOLE.

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they won, or we won, or the match was drawn, I cannot remember now.

Mr. Guy Campbell—who might be an amateur champion yet—and Mr. Barry, ex-amateur champion, played Laurence Auchterlonie and me one night after the Medal competition at St. Andrews, which Mr. Guy Campbell had won. I stood at the eighteenth hole all that day during the two Medal rounds. We were dormy at the burn, and won the last hole.

Next afternoon Mr. Edward Blackwell and I played Mr. Campbell and Mr. Barry. There was a good deal of wagering on the match. Mr. Blackwell and I were in good form, and we washed out the ex-amateur champion and the medallist in 5 and 4.

There have not been many greater amateurs than Mr. J. E. Laidlay, whose caddie Jack White used to be. This wonderful player had a style of his own, dangerous to copy. He drove with the ball well in front of him, and played every shot off his left foot. Even J. H. Taylor could not pitch and stop with the mashie better.

Mr. Laidlay was twice Amateur Champion, beating that hard-nut-to-crack, Mr. John Ball, the first time at St. Andrews in 1889. Mr. Ball was Champion the year before, and again the year after, when he brought off the double event of winning the Amateur and the Open Championships.

Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Ball were all even at the end of the round. The nineteenth was halved, and both players reached the green at the twentieth with their second shots. But the Champion's ball ran over into a bunker, and Mr. Laidlay became Champion with a par 4.

Two years later he won his second Championship, again at St. Andrews, with Mr. H. H. Hilton as the finalist. Though leading at one stage by three holes, Mr. Hilton —who is never beaten till he can neither halve nor win —wore Mr. Laidlay down, so that the round was halved. A long putt at the nineteenth, and a longer one at the twentieth, enabled Mr. Laidlay to win.

In after years he fought hard and splendidly, tieing with Mr. Hilton at Hoylake, and being beaten in the final at Prestwick at the last hole by Mr. P. C. Anderson, a young St. Andrews student; but never again won the Championship.

No soldier ever wore more medals across his chest than Mr. Laidlay could have worn had he cared so to exhibit his golf trophies. I had some great games with Mr. Laidlay, and he played all the professionals level. At our best we had hard work to hold our own with "J. E." My brother Hugh and he played many close games. Hugh envied Mr. Laidlay's iron approaches and cut mashie pitches.

Only two amateurs have ever won the Open Championship, Mr. Hilton twice and Mr. John Ball once. It has always seemed to me very wonderful that Mr. H. H. Hilton, the greatest match player of his day, amateur or professional, should have won the Open Championship in 1892 at Muirfield and in 1897 at Hoylake—years before he won the Amateur Championship at Sandwich in 1900 and the following year at St. Andrews.

I formed a high opinion of Mr. Hilton's golf from the first, and I said to myself: "That young fellow kens what he can dae, and he can dae it. He'll no' let many chances slip."

The look of determination on his face caused a lady to speak of him as "Napoleon swinging a club."

When he beat all us professionals at Hoylake we felt taken down, but admitted that his golf was the winning stuff in every way. He had whacked us all five years before at Muirfield, and we did not imagine he could do it again. But he did it, and got a pretty firm grip of my hand for doing it.

Mr. Hilton has done a lot for golf with his pen, like Mr. "Horace" Hutchinson before him, the first winner of the Amateur Championship Challenge Cup.

One of the hardest fights Mr. Hilton ever had for the Amateur Championship was in the 36-hole final with Mr. John L. Low, at St. Andrews, 1901. I walked round with them, and although Mr. Low was 5 down and 13 to play, he stuck to Mr. Hilton like a leech, and squared with him at the sixteenth. That was a great performance, when you imagine what it meant to make so much ground on Mr. Hilton, who was then at the top of his game, driving the gutta ball a prodigious distance.

But Mr. Low was such a good fighter, that he almost seemed to let his opponents get in front for the pleasure of pulling them back again.

It was not safe to do this with Mr. Hilton, who played every shot as if all the world depended on it. He thought of one thing at a time—the shot in hand. It did an ordinary man no good to see the look on Mr. Hilton's face as his jaw was clenched for victory. But Mr. Low was not an ordinary man. He was just a bit "dourer" than Mr. Hilton. To get rid of him was like trying to shake off a bull-dog.

We stood around the seventeenth tee, the bulk of us hoping to see Mr. Low win the Championship on his native heath from the Champion. We were nearly all for Mr. Low. No man can help being carried away by patriotic favouritism at a time like that. Let the best man always win ; but let our man be that man.

To our disappointment Mr. Low pulled his tee shot. Mr. Hilton saw his chance and took it. His gutta whizzed like a bullet straight down the middle. Mr. Low played his second away to the right. Mr. Hilton played a bold shot with his brassie against the wind, and finished two yards from the pin. I admired his courage, for he ran great risks with the tricky road hole. The door was closing now against Mr. Low, as Mr. Hilton took the honour at the eighteenth, and won the Championship for the second year in succession.

I remember caddying for Mr. Low in one of the great Cup competitions at St. Andrews. His opponent was Mr. A. D. Boyd. The referee was Mr. W. T. Linskill. There was a high wind blowing that day, and I noticed Mr. Boyd's caddie becoming so keen about the match that he broke the rules by placing himself in the way of the wind to let the ball come up to the pin at the thirteenth hole.

"Against the rules to stand there," I said to the referee.

"You are quite right, Andrew," said Mr. Linskill. "Mr. Boyd, your caddie has caused you to lose the hole."

Now Mr. Low was always looked up to as an authority on the rules of golf. He hesitated a moment, as if he

did not want to win a hole through a caddie's mistake, but I just blurted out: "What is the use of having rules if you do not abide by them?" Mr. Low won the match by 3 and 2.

It was this same caddie, dead now, that a St. Andrews minister tried to reform. Meeting him one day, he said: "Davie, I was very glad to see you at the prayer meeting last night."

"O, that's whaur I got tae, was it?" said Davie.

I could not stop my story without bringing into it the names of the three greatest caddies I can call to mind. They were Pawky Corstorphine, my own caddie; Big Crawford, Ben Sayers's caddie; and John Fiery, or Fiery John, as we called him, Willie Park's caddie. We took them about with us to all our big matches, never feeling safe without them.

Pawky Corstorphine had a grand understanding of the game, and I always knew that the club he put into my hand was the club to use. Nobody could beat him at teeing a ball according to the weather and the shot required. He also kept the clubs in first-class order. He walked around quietly, and never gave advice unless he was asked for it, when he always had it ready. "Don't risk anything; we'll play wi' oor heids and win," was a favourite saying of Pawky's.

Big Crawford was a giant, and he had a voice like a roar of thunder. Standing 6 ft. 3 in., he presented a great contrast to Ben Sayers, and no caddie was ever more devoted. He thought there was nobody like Ben, and he was quite right in that; for Sayers always was, and still is, the little wonder of the golfing world. When

Big Crawford bawled at the crowd to stand back, they needed no second bidding. His great voice seemed to blow them aside.

The great peculiarity of John Fiery was that he hated golf-bags, and always preferred to carry the clubs loosely under his arm. "They come readier to hand that way, and ye dinna tear the grips tugging them oot o' the bag," was the reason he gave.

Ben Sayers and some more of us were once playing at Alexandra Park, Glasgow. One of the holes ran alongside a field where a ploughman was "woa-in'" and "woa-beckin'" to a pair of horses.

"Stop yer plooin'!" shouted Ben's caddie.

"Not d——d likely," replied the ploughman. "Plooin' cam' before hockey."

"This is no' hockey, it's golf," said Sayers.

"Ca' it what ye like," was the reply, "plooin's mair important."

With that the ploughman went on with his horses, and Ben, seeing me laughing after he missed his putt, said: "Ye may laugh, Andra, but it was the plooman garred me miss."

I have a story of Mr. Hilton which I am sure he never heard. An Australian golfer named Shepherd visited St. Andrews recently and played moderately well. His caddie, however, had carried for Mr. Hilton some weeks before, and kept on reminding Mr. Shepherd of the wonderful shots Mr. Hilton made, saying: "You should have seen Mr. Hilton's drive here," "Mr. Hilton only took his mashie tae this hole," and so on, till the Australian

turned sharply on him and said: "D——n you, caddie, I'm not Mr. Hilton."

"You never spoke a truer word than that," said the caddie.

Caddies were up to all sorts of tricks in my caddying days, before they had to be licensed. One of our plans for making players lose balls, so that we might find them and sell them, was to stir up the mud at the bottom of the Swilcan Burn.

We were a lot of "gey" hard-up laddies; just little ragamuffins. Our great chance of getting clothes came when the better-class schoolboys were going home at the close of the school terms. The boys were running short of money, and did not want to be bothered with extra luggage, so they gave us cast-off suits, shirts, boots and caps as pay for carrying their clubs, one or more rounds, according to what we thought the gifts to be worth. These were the best suits I ever wore as a caddy, and the fit did not matter much then.

That's a long time since, when the only courses I heard about, besides St. Andrews, were Carnoustie, Prestwick, Musselburgh, North Berwick and Elie. Mr. George Glennie, who was once Captain of the Royal and Ancient, and a famous medallist in his day, used to tell me about English clubs like Westward Ho!, Wimbledon and Blackheath, but they sounded very far away. I remember Mr. Glennie saying that Blackheath was a seven-hole course on a public common, where golfers had to send fore-caddies in front to warn the public.

How different it is now, when there's hardly a town anywhere from John-o'-Groats to Land's End without

a golf course! I often think how much seaside towns owe to golf. Even St. Andrews, with all its colleges and fine schools, could ill do without the game that fills its hotels and boarding houses—and the tills of its shopkeepers—four or five months in the year.

Then think how golf has made work for hundreds of thousands in all parts of this country and America. It seems to me that Auld Scotland and her roving sons have done the rest of the world a real good turn by taking golf with them on their travels over the globe. At first they were laughed at with their "hockey sticks," but it was not long till the laughers became the keenest of golfers.

It was Lord Rosebery who once said that the charm of golf lay in the fact that all its followers played it, unlike the hundreds of thousands who attended football and cricket matches. Yet his lordship never was a golfer, although brought up with golf all round him—a bad oversight in a great man and a Scotsman into the bargain. It just shows you how wise a man can be in words.

So now my story of Fifty Years at St. Andrews is finished. I take out the flag at the end of the long day and signal the coastguard to "fire the gun."

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